Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 9, 1961 / 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

ENDING THE LANGUAGE TRAFFIC JAM

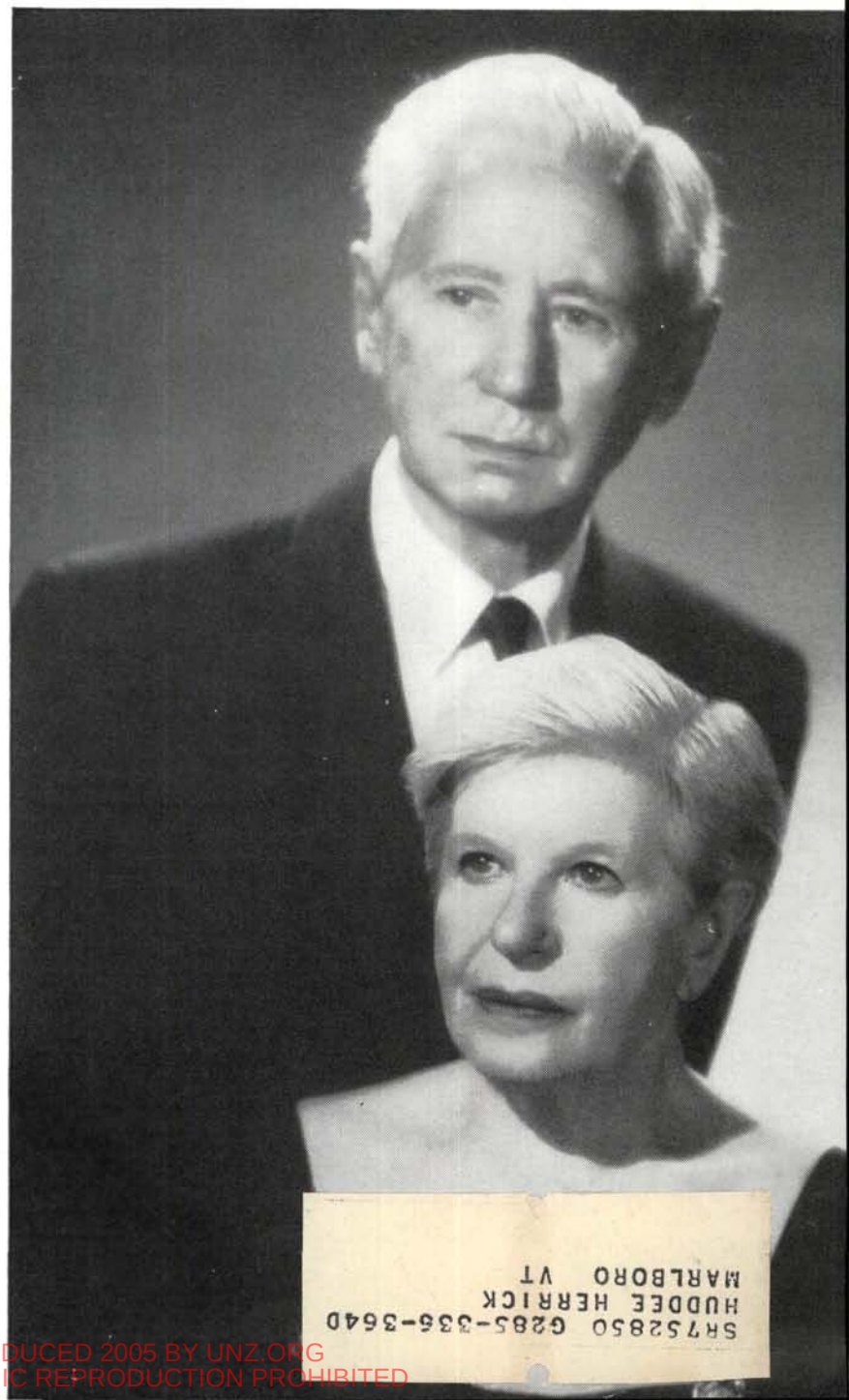
By Mario Pei

WHY FIGURES DO LIE ON THE FINANCIAL PAGE

By Donald I. Rogers

EXCITING NEW MAGAZINES FOR SHOW BUSINESS

By Hollis Alpert



Will and Ariel Durant, authors of "The Age of Reason Begins" (See Books)

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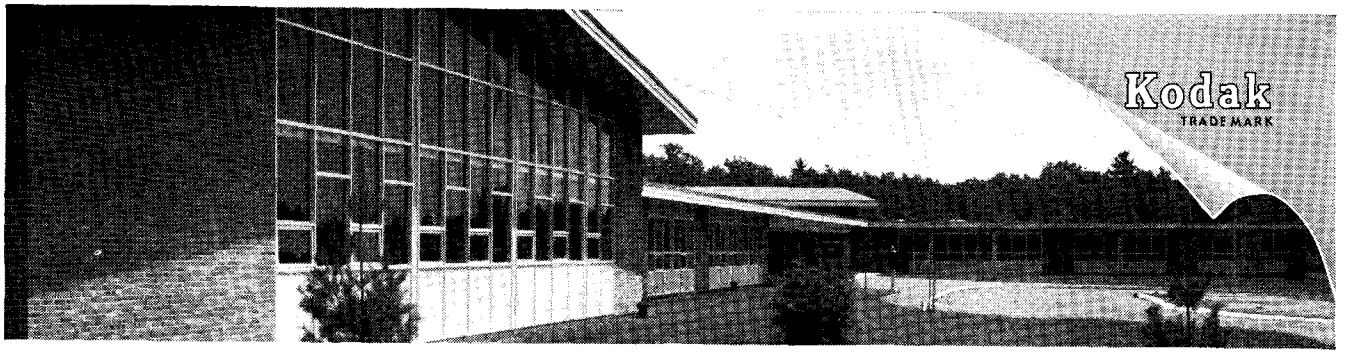
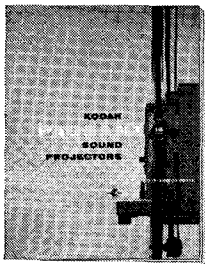


At the new Lexington, Mass., Estabrook School, designed to facilitate team teaching, Richard G. Woodward, Lexington's Coordinator of Instructional Materials, says:

"We're interested in teaching efficiency— and equipment that helps make teaching efficient."



"Because we are interested in efficient teaching as a means to improved learning, the Lexington Public Schools have been engaged in a joint research project with Harvard University for several years to determine the effectiveness of team teaching.

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When "Ippolita" was first submitted for publication, the editor who read it had the distinct feeling he was looking at a brilliant translation of a previously undiscovered European classic. Now that I've read "Ippolita," I can well understand why.

The book—a novel—has the acid-etched characterizations that only a master can create. Its setting (Italy in the early nineteenth century) is described with the complete authority of one who was there. Its language, perfectly colloquial English, manages still to impart the pattern of another tongue.

The true story behind this remarkable book is stranger than the editor's suspicion. Alberto Denti di Pirajno, the author of "Ippolita," is an Italian nobleman with a long record of public service. He wrote this, his first novel, once in Italian, once in English. Good evidence that no translator was needed is the fact that Denti di Pirajno's earlier, non-fiction books were enthusiastically reviewed by such leading critics as Cyril Connolly and Sir Harold Nicolson.

All this may make "Ippolita" sound like nothing but a literary freak, which is unfortunate. While the book's background is wildly extraordinary, the tale itself is firmly lodged in the great tradition of the European novel. Every page vibrates with life, and the characters rush headlong to their destinies with all their sins still on their heads. This corner can seldom announce a literary event. "Ippolita" is precisely that.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Ippolita" ($4.95) by Alberto Denti di Pirajno is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies of the book may be found at your local bookseller or at any one of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

Saturday Review

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Cover photograph by Amos Carr

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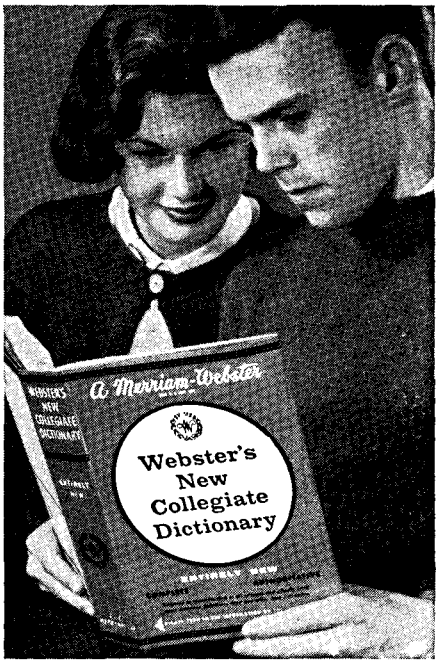

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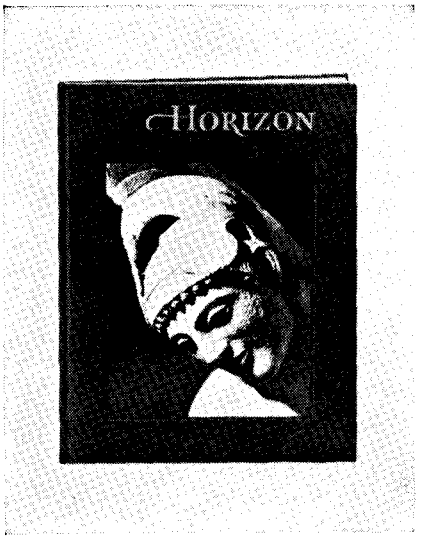
HORIZON is peculiar among magazines in several ways. It comes in gold-embossed, hard covers, and resembles the costliest of illustrated books. It carries no advertising at all. Its articles and pictures tend to be *un*timely. Each issue adds to a permanently valuable collection of arts and ideas.

So if this word about HORIZON stirs your curiosity—see if now isn't a good time to try it. (We have not advertised the magazine for eight months, aren't doing it widely now, won't again for some time. And the offer here is both temporary and the best we have.)

of Aims, and Art,

HORIZON explores the whole of culture, past and present. It is, first, a magazine of the arts—*all* the arts: fine, liberal, literary and lively. Take the current (September) issue:

It ranges in time and place from the neglected 12th-century sculpture of Gislebertus to the TV antics of Carol Burnett; from architect Kenzo Tange of Hiroshima to painter Andrew Wyeth of Chadds Ford, Pa.



It deals with master pianist Rudolf Serkin; with Beat vs. academic schools of poetry; with Blenheim Palace and some lesser memorials—including Edward Sorel's devastating caricatures of Jack Paar, Senator Goldwater, and other notables.

Each HORIZON contains fifteen or more articles and features, all edited for the intelligent general reader, not the specialist. (Typical contributors: Garrett Mattingly, Santha Rama Rau, James Michener, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Kerr, M. I. Finley, Harold Nicolson, Freya Stark.)

and Illustration, and Ideas.

Fine pictures abound. Nearly every page (at least 128 per issue) is enriched with paintings or photographs, art objects, cartoons or archeological finds . . . all superbly reproduced, many in full color. (Three printing methods are employed.)

Since culture embraces the world of ideas, HORIZON is also interested in religion and philosophy, manners and mores. In September, Douglass Cater draws a cultural profile of the Kennedy adminstration; Jean-Louis Barrault talks of the impact of Shakespeare on the French; and there is an evocative history of 3,000 years of Sicilian civilization (with 27 illustrations). For HORIZON is, in sum, a continuing report on the culture of our time, and a bridge to the civilizations of the past.

About the Matter of $10 Off

In the unlikely event that you were to buy the next six issues of HORIZON as they appear, you would spend $27. (They are $4.50 apiece, an astounding price—until you've seen one.) An annual subscription delivers six boxed issues, one every other month, for $21. But just now, our coupon will bring you a trial year of HORIZON for about $10 under the single-copy price, $4 under the annual rate: only *$16.95*.

Look through your first issue before you pay a cent. Then you'll be billed $1.95 to begin, $5 a month for the next three—with the right to cancel at any time without penalty. The lower price lasts only as long as our supply of the current issue. That won't be long. Good idea to mail the coupon today.

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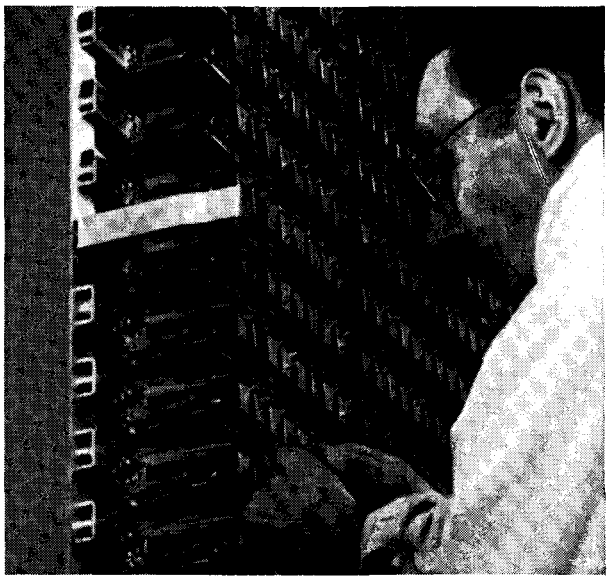

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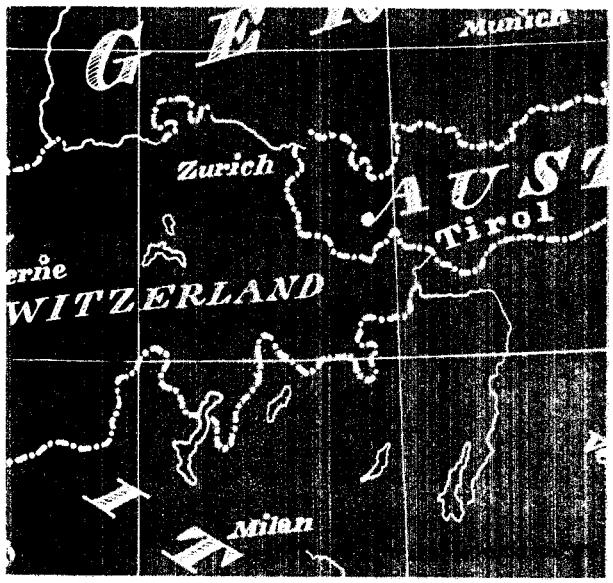

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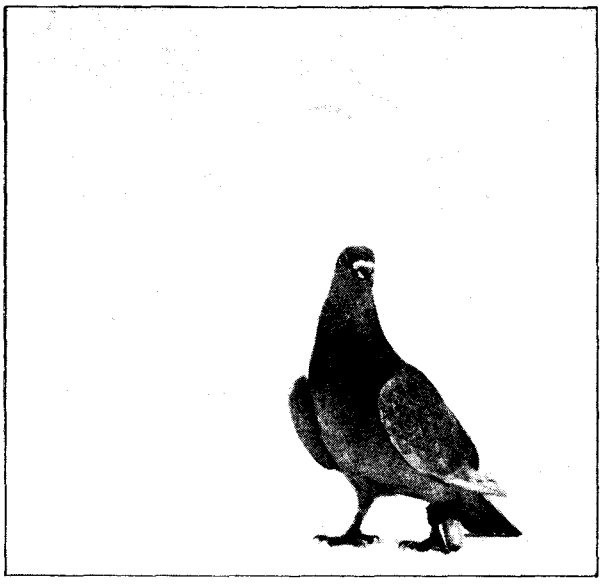

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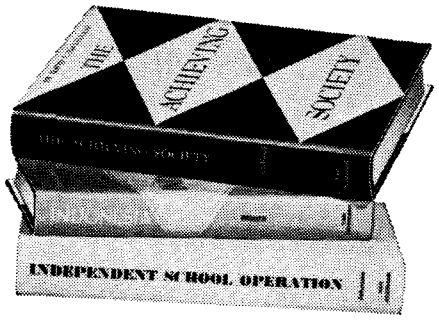

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

A VIAL QUESTION

THERE is a television show called "Candid Camera" which is supposed to be fairly amusing. But I wouldn't know—the commercials work me up into such a state of anxiety that I can't concentrate on the fun.

The Bufferin commercial, invariably the first, is enough to worry me right up until the following Sunday night. We are shown two flasks, each of which looks as though it holds about a pint of liquid. They contain, the announcer tells us, "ordinary stomach acid." Aside from the effect of that word "ordinary" on the hypochondriac in me, one vivid question occupies me the rest of the week: Where do they get it?

Now we know that there is no longer any misrepresentation on television, so I assume that there must really be a full quart of ordinary stomach acid in those flasks.

Whose?

How?

Is it the collection of minute amounts gathered from all the musicians, ad agency chaps, cameramen, and sponsor's friends? Or does the agency hire one special man to turn out the supply? How does he generate it all? Does he worry a lot? Is he locked in a room and taunted? Is he hired by the year? Does he last? And, when the program is over, what happens to those flasks? Are they put in the refrigerator till the next week, or is a fresh supply used each week?

Every Sunday night, the fresh impact of the quart of stomach acid standing in the hot lights of a television studio carries me, in apprehension, to the next commercial. It deals with Lux toilet soap. Here we are introduced to a chemist's jar of clear liquid which we are told is a Secret Beautifying Ingredient that is added to Lux soap. The jar is not marked. Nor are the flasks. On my twenty-one-inch screen there appears to be no difference in the liquid identified as a Magic Beautifying Ingredient and the liquid identified as stomach acid.

I've read enough about television, and have been involved in the theatre enough, to know that behind the scenes of Candid Camera there must be the usual amount of confusion, last-minute excitement, and a normal amount of hectic mistakes. And I worry.

What would happen to that young lady's complexion if, by some quite conceivable slip, the stomach acid got into the Magic Ingredient jar and was then added to the soap? What might occur if the Magic Ingredient, by virtue of the reverse of the slip, had a Bufferin tablet dropped into it? I remember a Bufferin bottle on the Jack Paar show that exploded all by itself—Heaven knows what might happen with a Magic Ingredient!

The third commercial on the show, one for Lux Liquid, shows two soiled dinner plates being immersed in separate transparent containers. One of them, the announcer tells us, contains Lux Liquid—the other contains "a well known clear liquid."

I'll give you one guess.

—ROBERT J. FUSILLO.

• • •

A BRIEF SCENARIO ON THE LIFE OF A CREATIVE GENIUS

(*Had Tchaikowsky worked in leather, he would have created 'Great Lady.'* With all the classical elegance that reflects a Master's touch, the superbly wrought white cameo offers a graceful accent to the Pinseal Grain Cowhide. A rare composition of timeless beauty. The Classic Art of Leathercraft by Princess Gardner.—*An advertisement*)

WE first see young Petr Ilitch turning his back on the law school at the University of Saint Petersburg.

"Petr, you headstrong, leather-drunk, misspelled young fool!" cries his father, Nicolai. "As a lawyer you could become chief minister to the Czar. But you know better than all of us graybeards. *You* must make Pinseal Grain Cowhide wallets. Pfah!"

Petr assumes a saintly smile as he bids his father adieu, and follows his calling to the workshop of Anton Tsowsear, a conventional wallet fabricator.

Time after time Petr brings Anton his latest creation only to have it held up to ridicule before the other apprenticeniks. "You call that a wallet?" Anton cries. "It's like nothing on land or sea!"

"But I was *trying* for something different," Petr insists. "A rare composition of timeless beauty."

"Your wallets I wouldn't put a wooden kopek in," Anton sneers. "Out!"

Years of poverty for Petr, tottering

Hell for Leather

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on the brink of insanity, until a beautiful woman beckons to him as he lies in the gutter.

"My name is Princess Gardner," she says. "Nettie von Meck to my friends. There is a something about your eyes, young man, a something like a vision. I would like to help you."

Now we see Petr, a new light indeed in his eyes, at work in the superbly appointed workshop Nettie has equipped for him. He toils quickly but surely around the piles of virgin doeskin, cured morocco, and fumed ostrich that surround him. A stitch here, a snip there, here a white cameo, there a bit of blind tooling. He has finished his masterpiece even as Princess Gardner taps at the atelier door. He opens it, holding in one hand a pale blue wallet with all the classical elegance that reflects a Master's touch.

"Petr!" Nettie says in hushed reverence.

"This is it, Nettie," he says simply.

"What will you call it?" she asks. "*Variations on a Rococo Theme* suggests itself to me."

"No," Petr says.

"Then perhaps," she says, "in memory of all the suffering past, you might call it *Pathetique*?"

"No, Nettie," Petr says, his face shining. "You may think I'm crazy again, but I have my own name for it: *Great Lady*. For the greatest little lady that it has been my pleasure to meet."

—Al Hine.

• • •

THE CLICHE AS TERMINUS

OFTEN when there is peace among the bookshelves (I am a librarian), I go about my game: reading the endings of novels. Not the last chapter, or even the last page—the last sentence or two is enough to lift the spirits for an entire afternoon.

He laughed and squeezed her till she wondered if her ribs weren't cracked. "Ah, sure it is, love. But oh, me darlin', it took a devilish long time to get ye there for keeps, Terry."

"Go in there and tell them yes, darling," she said. "I'll wait for you here."

But sometime he'll be back. To a happier and better world.

"Do you know something, darling?" she asked, and her voice shook. "All at once I'm not afraid any more. Not any more."

"Come, McRae," he said and opened the cell door. "We've a ride to make. Over the hill."

His arms folded her cruelly close. "Come then, my dear. So long as there remain women like you to sustain our Cause, we can never falter."

—F. de Sales Meyers.

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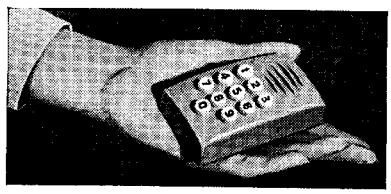

All-Number Calling may permit you to use simple, tiny number-buttons on portable phones of the future.

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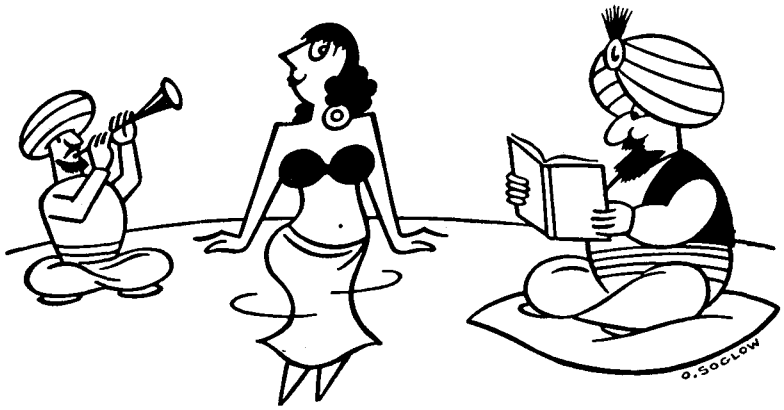

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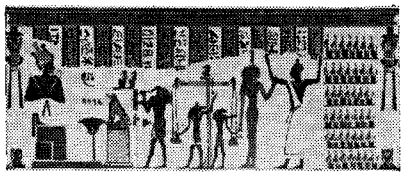

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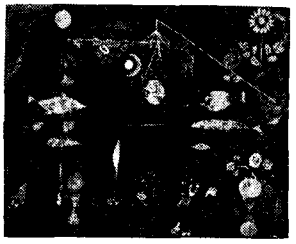

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

"I UNDERSTAND the 'N'. I sort of understand the eagle. But what in the name of Columbus (Ohio) do you mean by 'IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE'?"

Man named Morris Gordon wrote that. He lives in New York City (New York).

"IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE" (see the Nationwide oval, below) is our attempt to squeeze some size 12 beliefs into a size 4 motto. We didn't think it could be done, but we wanted to try.

We believe:

- *People can solve just about any problem if they'll work together.*
- *It's to the advantage of everyone concerned if people have something to say about the businesses they patronize.*
- *People's money should be used to benefit people.*

Because we believe these things, we (a) support cooperatives and other self-help groups; (b) give

policyholders a chance to speak up and be listened to through our Advisory Committee of Policyholders program; and (c) invest in areas which benefit people (mortgage loans; a development subsidiary; associated companies that lend money, make a building material, sell mutual fund shares).

If you're thinking it would be hard to get all this into a motto, you're right. "IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE" doesn't even come close.

It isn't easy, either, to do the things the motto stands for, and sometimes people ask us why we bother. "You've got a successful insurance business," they say. "You're making money. Isn't that enough?"

For some companies, it might be. For us, it isn't.

It all goes back to those size 12 beliefs. Money? Certainly. Success? We do our level best to make our insurance — product and service — the best there is. But with us, people come first.

How's *that* for a motto?

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

THERE MAY NOT BE anything new under the sun, but there are plenty of new twists on old ideas floating about these days. "The Iliad" is about as old an example as you'd need to combine with the wonders of modern science, and James McDonough, a candidate for his doctorate at Columbia, has done just that. Determined to find out if the work had been composed by one man only, McDonough was inspired with the idea of using IBM cards and computers to see if all the lines fell into the same metrical pattern. Thanks to the computers (he used them in a shoe factory and an insurance company), he has come to the conclusion that the epic is strictly a one-man job.

►The weather has been with us always, but Dial Press is just bringing out a do-it-yourself book, "The Weather-

caster," by Raymond M. Sager and Anton Bruehl. The book even includes a set of dials, and a money-back guarantee goes with both.

►Sophia Delza, a New Yorker, has dug up the wisdom of the ancient Chinese to write her new book "Body and Mind in Harmony" (David McKay), which describes a system of exercise known as T'ai Chi Ch'uan. It has been practiced in China since 1000 A.D.

►Al Morgan, whose novels have been anything but gentle and soothing, is now showing an entirely new twist in his forthcoming "Minor Miracle," the story of a priest and a miracle, miles away in tone from his previous books.

►The Bible itself has been much in the news lately, with 2,000,000 copies now in print of the Oxford-Cambridge "New English Bible." And in mid-September, Houghton Mifflin is offering a revised and enlarged edition of "The Dartmouth Bible." In addition, the latter company has come along with a whole new concept in paperbacks, which could better be called "plastic backs." Made of tough, rough-textured vinyl, but still in the soft-cover category, the new line is called Sentry Editions, and its first volume is Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." The books are not only extremely readable, but make handsome additions to any hard-book shelf.

STILL ON THE TRACK of old ideas with new twists, we dropped by the new, flourishing paperback book stalls placed smack in the center of a Grand Central Station corridor, called the Open Book, Inc. In business only a few months, it is the only bookstore we know of that is open twenty-four hours a day.

"The idea to open the shop here in Grand Central just bloomed up from nowhere," Manager Henry Bluestone told us. "I always have felt that when you go into a store and close the door behind you, you are morally committed to buy something. That's why I've designed this store so that it's open at both ends. No one feels compelled to buy if he doesn't want to."

But his customers, mainly scurrying commuters, office girls, executives, and people taking short cuts through the station, have been buying in heavy volume. There is a cash register at each of the open ends, and they seldom stop ringing.

"My first guess was that we'd sell about 70 per cent of the popular paperbacks, and thirty of quality lines," Mr. Bluestone told us. "I'm happy to report that the quality books are going up, and the pop stuff down. And believe it or not, right here in the middle of New York my wife and I have a real personal contact with many customers. Often they bring in books for *us* to read."

ONE OF THE OLDEST traditions of European hotels is the concierge, who smooths out the problems of the traveler through a combination of education, linguistic ability, and a patient capacity for listening that is usually found only in psychoanalysts.

When we learned that New York City's first new hotel in over three decades—the Summit—was also featuring America's first and only concierge, we dropped by to say hello to Alfred Rinaldi, who assumed that responsibility when the hotel opened at the end of July.

Rigidly encased in a high collar and elegant tail-coated uniform, Mr. Rinaldi greeted us pleasantly in the new, spangled lobby of the hotel.

"I guess you could call a concierge the conscience of a hotel," he told us. "I try to make it possible for the guest to come to one place for all the informa-

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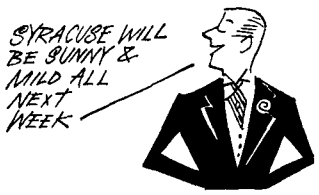
tion or service he needs, and if I can't help I try to find someone who can."

Mr. Rinaldi is young, baldish, soft-spoken, and speaks French, Spanish, Italian, and English with ease. Born in New York, he studied at the University of Paris, and has also had a go at acting in Off-Broadway productions.

On a typical morning, he may contact the chief engineer on an air-conditioning problem; arrange for travel reservations by either air or rail to Syracuse, Boston, or Paris; recommend a good chiropodist; direct several per-



sons to museums; and find an Italian-speaking guide for a party from Rome.

"One party wanted to know where he could find a 'Printers' Mass,'" he said. "Apparently, this is a phrase used for late night masses. Fortunately, I knew of the Actor's Mass, at midnight and 4 a.m. at St. Malachy's, and was able to steer him there. It's all part of a day's work. One woman wanted to know what the weather was going to be like in Syracuse the following week."

Mr. Rinaldi's working reference library includes "The Official Airline Guide," "The ABC International Airline Guide," the *New Yorker*, "Cook's Timetable," "The Hotel Redbook," and a dozen others.

While it has been rumored that Mr. Rinaldi offers advice to the lovelorn as part of his duties, either by circumspection or tact he would not admit to this.

WITH NEW BOOKS, new bookstores, new hotel services, and new twists on old ideas everywhere, we weren't at all surprised to see a sign on the wall of a Greenwich Village coffee house reading: "American Expresso Cards Honored Here." —JOHN G. FULLER.

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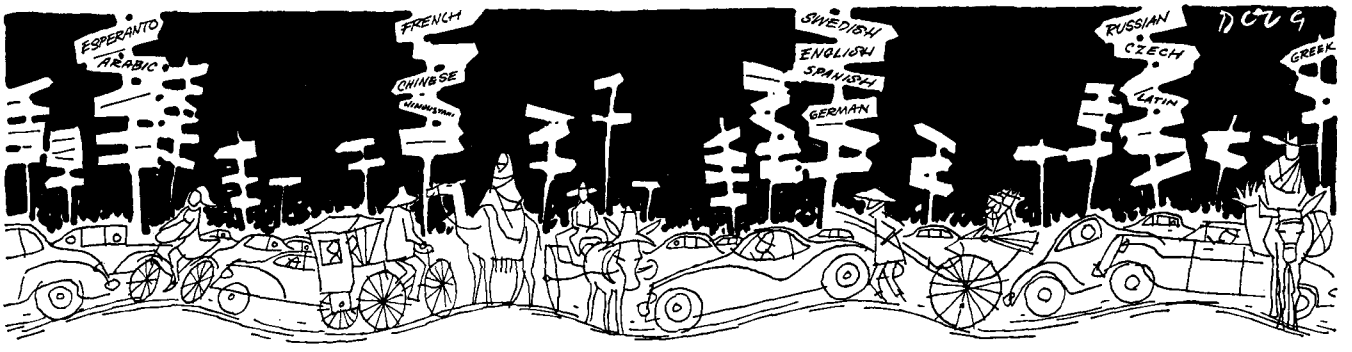
Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 9, 1961

ENDING THE LANGUAGE TRAFFIC JAM



By MARIO PEI, *professor of Romance philology at Columbia University and author of "One Language for the World."*

A FEW YEARS ago a Gallup Poll was conducted in the United States, Canada, Norway, and Holland. The first question asked was: "It has been suggested that every school child in every country should be required to learn one other language beside his own, which would be understood in all countries. Do you think this is a good idea or a poor idea?" The response was about 80 per cent "Good Idea" in all four countries.

Not long ago the inquiring photographer of the New York *Mirror* asked four people in the New York streets: "Think a universal language is needed?" Three said yes, one said no.

These are clear indications of how people feel about the issue. They don't go out and agitate for an international language in the same way they would agitate for national independence or lower taxes, because the issue has not been, in the past, a burning one, or one that seemed to call for direct and violent action. It is more like the traffic problem in a big modern city, which everyone agrees someone should do something about at some time or other, before we are tied up in a knot.

Language is basically a communications tool. When we share a common language with the person with whom we wish to communicate, we have no trouble. When we do not, we hire a translator or an interpreter, use sign language, or do without the thing we want.

So long as only a few high-placed or wealthy persons find themselves in need of communicating with people who do not speak their language, the problem is rather easily solved, though the solution may be expensive. President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev have their interpreters, and the room clerks and head waiters of the Hilton Hotels scattered throughout the globe speak English for the benefit of our dollar-laden tourists. The problem is no more acute than was the traffic problem in New York City in the days when one person out of fifty owned a car.

The traffic snarl begins when one person out of three owns a car and wishes to drive and park it on city streets. The communications problem grows acute when travel to other lands becomes widespread. Fifty years ago, your chance of either going abroad or having to deal with non-English-speaking persons on your own soil were roughly one out of fifty. Today they are one out of ten. Before long, they will be one out of two or three.

Lack of linguistic understanding is certain to become a more and more critical problem, not just for the diplomat and pleasure traveler, but for the soldier, airman, technician, mechanic, or secretary stationed abroad; for the physician or scientist who needs to keep abreast of his field's latest developments in a large number of countries that publish periodicals in their own languages; for the student or intellectual whose activity calls for foreign contacts; for the businessman who wants to take advantage of the vastly improved possibilities for foreign trade that modern means of transportation now afford. The days when your children, unless you happened to be a member of a very small privileged minority, were doomed for life to remain farmers behind the plow or manual workers toiling at a lathe are gone, never to return. Today, both farmer and manual worker dream of sending their children to college and turning them into intellectuals, professional people, or, at the very least, white collar workers. People in these categories cannot very well escape international contacts, and to take full advantage of their opportunities they need a language in common with their fellow intellectual, professional, or semiprofessional workers throughout the world.

That all this is true seems to be felt, perhaps in a hazy, confused way, by over three-fourths of the people who are asked: "Is an international tongue desirable?" I seriously doubt that the majority of them are influenced to any great extent by the argument that such

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a language will lead to greater international understanding and thus promote the cause of peace. Too many of us remember such bloody episodes as the Civil War in Spain and our own War Between the States, where a common language did nothing to prevent hostility. The real argument on behalf of an international language is that in a modern world it is a communcations tool that we can no longer do without.

What substitute is most commonly offered for an international language? "We should have more study of foreign languages," people say. No issue can be taken with this proposition as matters stand today. Short of having an international tongue at our disposal, we, and everybody else, should certainly study and learn more foreign languages. But how many languages can you study and really learn? One, and learn it thoroughly, so that it becomes second nature to you? Two, three, or four, not so thoroughly, but so that you will have a working knowledge of each? Become a language specialist, like the present writer, so that you can speak four with absolute fluency, be able to stumble your way around in a dozen others, and know something about perhaps a hundred more? If you do that, you won't have time to do anything else. And even if you do it, you will always run the risk of coming up against the language you haven't studied; when this happens, you are just as helpless as the man who has studied no foreign language at all.

Very few people can determine in advance which language or languages they are likely to need at some time. There are nearly 3,000 languages in spoken use throughout the world today. Over a hundred of them are large and important enough to have over 1,000,000 speakers. No fewer than thirteen have over 50,000,000 speakers, and must be looked upon as major languages worthy of serious consideration if a choice has to be made. Choosing a language when you enter high school is pretty much like taking a shot in the dark. You select French and then find out, ten years later, that you should have taken Spanish, or German, or Russian, or Italian, or Indonesian.

An international language is rapidly ceasing to be a luxury that can be put off into the future; it is becoming an immediate necessity.

If we are wise, we shall anticipate the acute need of the future and provide for it, just as wise city planners make provision for the expansion of their growing city and the traffic problems the growth will involve.

The big obstacle in the way of the adoption of an international tongue as envisaged in the Gallup Poll lies not in the principle, but in the choice. There are far too many candidates for the post. There are not only the many natural languages in spoken use, but even a few semi-dead languages, like Latin and ancient Greek, modified languages like Basic English, and at least 600 constructed languages like Esperanto and Interlingua. Each group of international language advocates enthusiastically propounds the adoption of the language of its choice and decries all competitors. Proponents of French, English, Spanish, Russian, Latin with or without endings, Esperanto, Interlingua, and dozens of other languages and systems try to tell us that their choice is easier, more widespread, more esthetically beautiful, more logical, more acceptable than any other. In the face of all these conflicting claims, the world's governments and international organizations, which alone are in a position to put an international language into operation, draw back in dismay and confusion.

Actually, it does not matter too much which language is selected. In spoken form, all languages are equally easy to those who start them at an early age (say before ten), as proved by the fact that Chinese children speak Chinese, Russian children speak Russian, and American children speak English with the same facility. It has also been abundantly proved that any normal child can become perfectly bilingual (or even trilingual or quadrilingual) if he starts his languages at an early enough age instead of waiting for high school, by which time the faculty for assimilating spoken languages naturally and painlessly is gone.

THERE is a way of bringing about an international language in our time, largely for the benefit of our children and descendants rather than our own, if we are so minded. The world's governments, acting through existing international bodies like the U.N. and UNESCO, could agree in advance that the language selected by an international commission of linguists would be accepted by them and put into all their kindergartens, on a basis of absolute equality with the national tongues, after a suitable period of preparation for the training of teachers. This would mean that the chosen language would begin its career as a universal tongue within no more than five years after the commission's decision; that it would accompany the new generation throughout its schooling period, into elementary school, high school, college, and university; and that within thirty years of the choice we would have an adult generation that would universally have at its disposal not only its many and varied national languages, but also one

Languages for the World—Leading Contenders

A portion of Edgar Allan Poe's essay "Nationality in American Letters" appears below in English, Esperanto, and Interlingua, three of the top contenders for an international language. The Esperanto version was translated by William Solzbacher, the Interlingua by Alexander Gode.

ENGLISH: Much has been said, of late, about the necessity of maintaining a proper *nationality* in American Letters; but what this nationality *is*, or what is to be gained by it, has never been distinctly understood. That an American should confine himself to American themes, or even prefer them, is rather a political than a literary idea—and at best is a questionable point. We would do well to bear in mind that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

ESPERANTO: Multo estas dirita lastatempe pri la neceso konservi adekvatan *naciecon* en la amerika literaturo; sed kio *estas* tiu nacieco au kio estas gajnebla per gi, oni neniam klare komprenis. Ke amerikano estu kontenta pri la uzo de nura amerika temaro au ke li gin ec preferu, estas ideo pli politika ol literatura—kaj duba afero en la plej bona kazo. Ni prefere memoru, ke "distanco donas ravon al vidajo."

INTERLINGUA: On parla multo, in iste dies, del necessitate de mantener in le litteras american un juste *character national;* sed qual cosa iste character national *es* (o qual cosa pote esser ganiate per illo) ha non essite clarificate. Que un americano debe confinar se a themas american, o mesmo que ille debe preferer los, es un idea politic plus tosto que litterari e (al melior) un questionabile puncto. Nos facerea ben non oblidar que "distance lends enchantment to the view" ("distantia imparti incantamento al vista").

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single tongue that would have full currency throughout the globe, and that would insure that anyone, from any country, could go into any other country (save the most backward areas, where the possibility of formal schooling does not exist) with the knowledge that he could communicate directly and without difficulty with any member of his own or younger age-groups. By the end of the twentieth century, the international language would be in full operation everywhere, and the world's language troubles would be at an end.

How would the linguistic commission be chosen, and how would it operate? There are many possibilities and alternatives, but this might be a workable suggestion:

Let each government select, by whatever means it deems appropriate, a number of delegates based on its existing population (or perhaps on its literate population; or on the basis of a weighted index that would take into account such factors as population, area, literacy, productivity). Let the members of this linguistic commission meet, in approximately the same fashion as our Presidential nominating conventions, with the distinct understanding that they are not to create a new language, but only to select one out of the existing 3,000 natural tongues and 600 (more or less) constructed tongues already on record. For nominating purposes, let each delegate be

(*Continued on page* 51)

The Case for Esperanto

ESPERANTO MAKES its claims not as a mere project, but as the only living interlanguage that has stood the test of time and renders significant services in every field of human endeavor. It is easy to learn for both active and passive use. It is not dependent for its application, teaching, or promotion on any one country or group of countries. Textbooks and dictionaries are available in fifty-four languages.

When the Voice of America broadcast four series of Esperanto programs in 1960 and 1961, it received audience mail in Esperanto—more than 1,700 letters—from eighty-six countries, including every Iron Curtain country except Albania. There are daily Esperanto broadcasts from Radio Warsaw and regular broadcasts from Rome, Paris, Vienna, Berne, Sofia, Zagreb, Valencia, Bilboa, Rio de Janeiro, Caracas, Guatemala City, Pyongyang, and half a dozen other cities.

Books in and about Esperanto total about 8,400, and there are approximately 145 Esperanto periodicals. Many classic and modern writers have been translated into the language. Esperanto has produced original fiction, drama, biography, and verse, some of it of fairly high quality. There are Esperanto anthologies of Hungarian, Estonian, Lithuanian, Catalan, Swedish, Czechoslovak, Swiss, Belgian, and Brazilian literature.

Esperanto is being taught in about 760 schools in almost forty countries, in some of them on a compulsory basis. More than fifty scholarly or scientific publications in at least fifteen countries publish articles or summaries in the language. The 1961 Year Book of the Universal Esperanto Association lists the addresses of 3,049 "delegates" in sixty-three countries. UEA delegates render services in connection with travel, employment, business, and research.

How many people "know" Esperanto? Several million have studied it at one time or another. Perhaps 1,000,000 use it occasionally and several hundred thousand with some degree of regularity. Only a minority of these, about 110,000, are members of Esperanto organizations.

The advocates of Esperanto are not worried about the hundreds of allegedly "better" projects that appear from time to time. They believe that the League of Nations was right when it said in its report on "Esperanto as an International Auxiliary Language" (Geneva, 1922): "It is in the interest of the world to have one auxiliary language, not two or three, and from a practical point of view there is less risk in taking one of which some experience has been gained and which has already attained some tradition and a guarantee of lasting unity."

—William Solzbacher, Chairman,
International Commission on Sociology and Esperanto.

The Case for Interlingua

MOST ADVOCATES of an international auxiliary language are panaceists. They think all the world's communication ills can be cured by a single remedy: the adoption by all nations of a common secondary tongue.

Panaceas have always been flops—except where the panaceists ultimately came to their senses and did what successful servants of progress have always done: fit tools to jobs and keep improving the tools and possibly extending the jobs, all in step-by-step evolution.

Serious workers in the field of international communication—e.g., language teachers, translators, and the like—are currently pestered not by one but two panaceistic cults, that of the Esperantists and the cult of machine translation by electronic brains. The latter, however, is likely to prove less dangerous in the long run, for the wilder claims on its behalf are rarely made by men in the know but rather by uninformed bystanders and half-informed copy writers. Men in the know (at IBM and elsewhere) prefer to report merely that they are working on a fascinating new tool which, when operational, may 1) reduce the tedium in certain phases of human translation, 2) increase greatly the volume of translations available, and hence 3) promote in researchers and the public the habit of asking for translations.

Why is it not possible for the advocates of an international auxiliary language to look with a similar attitude of "evolutionary pragmatism" for the spot in our present socio-cultural setup where they can begin to be of concrete service, leaving to the future the question of how far the usefulness of the device they offer may finally spread? Because their *objective is revolutionary,* its achievement depends on an about-face of all concerned, who must decide to agree to learn (in common enthusiasm) one common language. Hence the element of messianic intolerance one discerns in much that is written and said on the subject.

If the definition of "international auxiliary language" is "a second language to be learned by all for purposes of international exchange," then Interlingua is not an international auxiliary language. Interlingua is just a linguistic system built of elements the educated anywhere in the world *can be expected to know.* In the present context, the most important distinguishing mark of Interlingua is that it can function and serve without objecting to others doing the same. The advocates of Interlingua have no interest whatever in the idea of a single secondary common language for all mankind. They just want to do their modest bit and plead not to be lumped for judgment—be it glorification or condemnation—with the militant devotees of a seemingly related cause.

—Alexander Gode, Chief
Interlingua Division of Science Service.

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Reading, Writing, and Rebelling

By Granville Hicks

H. L. MENCKEN was an indefatigable correspondent, and it has been said that there are more than 50,000 letters of his in existence. Dr. Julian Boyd of the Princeton University Library was at one time interested in preparing an edition of the letters, but apparently he was overwhelmed by the mass of material. Now a French scholar, Guy J. Forgue, has selected approximately 500 letters, trying to choose those that best reflect Mencken's personality and state his opinions, particularly on literary matters. He calls his book **"Letters of H. L. Mencken"** (Knopf, $7.95).

Without having read the unpublished letters, one cannot say how well Forgue has done his job, but in any case the result is readable and impressive. There is not much repetition, and there is not much triviality. Forgue has included enough of Mencken's facetious letters to show that particular vein but not enough to be tiresome. His footnotes are brief, and, although he leaves some mysteries, he tells the reader most of what he needs to know. There is one rather sad mistake: a letter addressed to "My dear Scottie" is described as having been written to F. Scott Fitzgerald, though it clearly was written to his daughter.

Mencken was not one of the world's great letter writers, but he was a lively correspondent and completely unsparing of himself. He was loyal to his friends, and he was remarkably generous to the young men and women who wrote to him for help and advice. He loved to express his prejudices violently, but he would go a long way to avoid hurting the feelings of a correspondent. His interests were manifold, and though his letters often seem wrongheaded, they are rarely dull.

Reading the letters, I realize again how strange it was that Mencken should have had a high reputation as a literary critic. His judgments of his contemporaries and juniors, as seen from the perspective of 1961, are not notably discriminating. It is true that from the outset he recognized the greatness of Dreiser, and it is also true that he recognized his faults and labored to overcome them. He wrote to Sherwood Anderson in praise of "Winesburg, Ohio" and Sinclair Lewis in praise of "Main Street" and "Babbitt." And he had kind words to say about Willa Cather. On the other hand, he placed James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer in the front rank of American men of letters.

Mencken

He was erratic in his judgments of British writers. He admired Conrad, and partly for the right reasons, but he had as high an opinion of Arnold Bennett. He published two of Joyce's short stories in the *Smart Set*, but there is no evidence that he bothered to read "Ulysses." And he seems to have had no use for D. H. Lawrence.

As for the writers who were coming along in the Twenties and Thirties, it is surprising how little contact he had with them. Faulkner and Hemingway, for instance, are nowhere mentioned in the volume, which doesn't mean that Mencken didn't read them—as a matter of fact, Faulkner was published in the *American Mercury*—but does suggest that he wasn't passionately interested in their work. Fitzgerald sent manuscripts at an early date to the *Smart Set*, and he and Mencken corresponded in a desultory fashion for some years; however, there are few signs of discriminating response to his writing. Mencken did admire James T. Farrell, and he went out of his way to congratulate H. L. Davis on "Honey in the Horn," which he called "the best first novel ever printed in this country." But such moments of enthusiasm were rare.

Mencken frequently told his correspondents in the Twenties and Thirties that he was losing interest in literature, and one may doubt whether that interest had ever been acute. The vogue he enjoyed in the Twenties was not as a literary figure but as a rebel. For his own reasons he had opposed American participation in World War I, and this endeared him to the young people who were disillusioned by the war's aftermath. He was a vociferous critic of Prohibition, which to the young was a symbol of the repressive morality against which they were in revolt. He attacked hypocrisy and prudishness and everything else that he miscalled Puritanism. He opposed censorship at a time when opposition

To Theodore Dreiser

April 19, 1939

Dear Dreiser:

Masters, who knows a great deal about philosophy, tells me that George Henry Lewis's history of it remains one of the best books ever done on the subject. I read it many years ago, but recall it only vaguely. Masters also thinks well of Durant's "Story of Philosophy," but here I dissent. It seems to me that Durant is a very superficial fellow. In general, metaphysics seems to me to be very hollow. Half of it is a tremendous laboring of the obvious, and the other half is speculation that has very little relation to the known facts. Altogether, I think I'd support a law drafting all philosophers into the army.

I am going to Washington tomorrow to harangue a meeting of newspaper editors. It is always a depressing job. They are . . . a very innocent class of men. They always believe, deep down in their hearts, whatever they hear from official bigwigs.

Yours,
M.

To F. Scott Fitzgerald

May 26th, 1925

Dear Fitz:

. . . In a few weeks I am going down to Tennessee to see a school-teacher tried for teaching Evolution. Match that in your decayed principalities if you can! William Jennings Bryan is to prosecute, and Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone are for the defense.

I am very eager to see the new novel. . . . I hope you find time by the way to compose a piece for [*The American Mercury*]. Why not a treatise on the very subject you discuss in your letter, i.e., novel-writing? It is much belabored, but seldom by anyone who has ever actually written a novel. La Wharton's fulminations in Scribner's scarcely constitute an exception. Her ideas are those of a high-school teacher.

As Law Enforcement grows rigider and rigider, New York grows wetter and wetter. Baltimore is now knee-deep in excellent beer. I begin to believe in prayer.

Sincerely yours,
H. L. Mencken

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took courage, and he was a consistent advocate of freedom of speech. Some of the early letters remind us—it is easy to forget—how strong before 1920 the forces were against which Mencken arrayed himself. They crumbled in the Twenties, and he got much of the credit and deserved some of it.

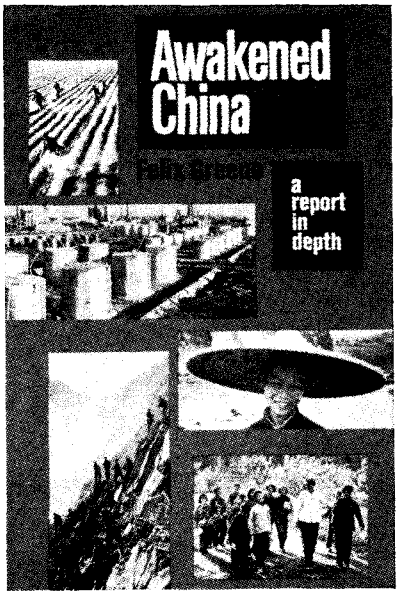
On the other hand, as I read the letters, I feel once more qualities in Mencken that seem to me less than admirable. His attacks on the do-gooders, often justified enough in themselves, were based on callousness, just as his criticisms of democracy were based on contempt. ("The great masses of the plain people are much dumber than even politicians have ever suspected.") Although he often said friendly things about Negroes and Jews, there is an ugly undertone discernible in some of his comments.

It is no wonder that his popularity declined in the Thirties. If he was capable of feeling any sympathy for the victims of the Depression, it was strangled by his impatience with the reformers. His isolationism blinded him to the significance of the rise of Hitler. To many of us at the time most of what he was saying seemed irrelevant if not vicious, and I still feel that the Thirties exposed his defects as strikingly as the Twenties had revealed his virtues.

Fortunately, he was to enter upon a last phase that is not unpleasant to contemplate. Debarred from commenting on politics because of his opposition to the war, he began to write his memoirs and to continue the scholarly labors he had begun in "The American Language." Even before he was stricken by cerebral thrombosis in 1948, he appeared to be in a more subdued mood, though there are some typically rambunctious letters from the years just preceding his illness.

In 1948, speaking of Julian Boyd's project, Mencken wrote: "If he undertook to print my letters he'd have to leave out all the really good ones or risk seeing his book burnt by the common hangman." How much M. Forgue has bowed to the proprieties I do not know, but there is enough here to make the reader feel Mencken's qualities—his humor, his courage, his cantankerousness, his coarseness, his vitality. No one who lived through the Twenties can contemplate the man without being in some way moved. Except for "The American Language" and its supplements, I have not looked at a book of his in ten years, nor have I thought much about him, but he was once a towering figure, for me as for countless others, and I am glad to feel his presence again in the "Letters."

Book in the News



By Gerald Clark, *associate editor, Montreal Star, and author of "Impatient Giant: Red China Today."*

ONE OF the ironies of "**Awakened China: The Country Americans Don't Know**" (Doubleday, $5.95) is that its author, who has spent twenty-five years of his adult life in the United States, had to trade on his British passport in order to arrange a journey to Communist China. The jacket, in fact, makes much of the point that "this is the first eyewitness report on Communist China to be written by an American-based correspondent in recent years." Such are the tenuous ways in which a publisher must search for a palatable angle to tantalize the U.S. public. In a sense it is a tragedy, and Felix Greene is the first to acknowledge it. While competent reports on contemporary China have been written by non-Americans—Swiss, French, British, Canadian journalists and travelers—few have been accepted as valid in the country that has the most to learn about Peking and its moods and objectives. Unless a situation is seen through "American" eyes the U.S. press in particular will continue to interpret it falsely on preconceived and misleading lines.

I am not sure I agree completely with Mr. Greene when he says that the conditioning process in the United States is so ingrained that even if American reporters were allowed to go to China the public would continue to be fed a welter of misinformation. But I do agree with the thesis that Communist China is so preoccupied with its broad tasks that it can afford to get along without America. The bigger question, another ironic aside, is whether the U.S. can afford to stumble along in its present policy toward China.

Mr. Greene describes himself as an Anglo-American, since his legal residence is Palo Alto, California, but his mixed career as journalist and businessman takes him to England twice a year. It is apparent from the bibliography and quotations in "Awakened China" that he has considerable faith in the cool and dispassionate appraisals of other Britons. But there is more than a blind faith in the observations of others. Mr. Greene, whose first visit to Communist China was in 1957, spent four months there last year and emerged with a perceptive, well-written, and forceful account of his own about "a whole country in creative ferment—it has to be seen to be even faintly believed."

Several "non-American" observers have said much the same thing, but have many people listened? U.S. news agencies and news magazines, sheltered in the artificial atmosphere of Hong Kong, continue to deride Chinese production claims and to talk of seething masses waiting for the right moment to rise, especially since recent drought and other natural disasters have hit crop targets. Mr. Greene did not find seething masses, even in the communes. Instead he found improved conditions and peasants "lifting themselves by their own bootstraps out of an abyss inconceivable to our imagination." In the past, whenever a river spilled its banks or the rains failed, the charitable outside world sent over sacks of food to feed a relative handful of starving Chinese. But it remained charity, ineffectual both from a psychological and physical standpoint. Now, as Mr. Greene wisely points out, China has for the first time a strong central government sufficiently concerned and solvent to order grain from abroad.

My main quarrel with Mr. Greene is on a matter of emphasis. There is no denying the achievements and the intensively hard efforts of the Chinese. But on my visit three years ago I was struck by the accompanying austerity in mien, the grim purposefulness, the lack of gaiety, as though China was one vast and cold and frantic machine. Mr. Greene, by contrast, seems to be struck by gaiety all around him. Perhaps times have changed; or perhaps Mr. Greene is a trifle too impressed by the occasional flashes of natural humor that regimentation has not eradicated.

Nor, I think, is he sufficiently con-

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THE PAST

Legacy of the Lords of Language

"The Age of Reason Begins: A History of European Civilization in the Period of Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, Rembrandt, Galileo, and Descartes, 1558-1648," by Will and Ariel Durant *(Simon & Schuster. 647 pp. $10), is the seventh volume in "The Story of Civilization." Geoffrey Bruun wrote "Europe in Evolution, 1415-1815."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

DR. WILLIAM JAMES DURANT, whose modest manner, contagious ebullience, and captivating style have long since endeared him to a large public, has always been a problem to his academic critics. The phenomenal success of his "Story of Philosophy," published in 1926, provided the first anomaly. How could philosophy be popularized into a best-seller? With the appearance in 1935 of "Our Oriental Heritage" those who like definitive labels were further disquieted. Was Durant a philosopher or a historian?

His venture into history, under the general title "The Story of Civilization," progressed steadily, each volume exciting a chorus of praise and of protest. After "Our Oriental Heritage" came "The Life of Greece" (1939), "Caesar and Christ" (1944), "The Age of Faith" (1950), "The Renaissance" (1953), and "The Reformation" (1957).

Volume VI on the Reformation brought the colorful drama to the threshold of modern times. The intrepid narrator announced (at sixty-seven that "the imminence of senility" made it advisable "to plan an end to the series" with a seventh volume on the Age of Reason.

Subsequently, the seventh volume was replanned and expanded into three. Of these "The Age of Reason Begins" is reviewed here; "The Age of Louis XIV" is promised for 1963 and "The Age of Voltaire" for 1965.

There is still no least sign of "the imminence of senility," but Mrs. Durant's increasing share in her husband's labor is now acknowledged on the title page. Their mode of research is described in a foreword that merits critical attention. They write:

> There is no attempt, in these volumes or their predecessors, to rely predominantly upon contemporary sources and documents for political or economic or military history. . . . But in cultural history, which is the primary concern of this record, there has been an almost complete resort to the original sources. . . .

Will Durant's writing combines in an exceptional degree two virtues which most pedants distrust—an unfettered enthusiasm and a scintillating style. Emerson's dictum that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm is exemplified throughout these enchanting volumes. Only an enduring interest in people, an inexhaustible zest for the raconteur's art, could have sustained Durant through half a century of prodigious and exacting labor.

Although all aspects of the human comedy receive his sensitive appraisal, he prefers to dwell on noble, generous, and humane sentiments and actions. His favorite historical characters are erudite lords of language like himself.

Durant's delight in "the wiles and jugglery of words" is the secret of his unflagging inspiration. "Better the King James Bible than a conqueror's crown," he cries at the bier of that graceless king. He celebrates Francis Bacon's "Essays" as matter "pressed with luminous similes into perfect form . . . as if Tacitus had taken to philosophy." Sir Thomas Browne is his brother in art, using style as "the antiseptic to decay." But it is Shakespeare's wizardry, understandably enough, that moves Durant to superlatives. He hails Shakespeare as "the most original, distinctive, creative writer of all time." And "the originality is in the language."

We might say the same of Durant. Without the stimulant that his style provides, his parade of characters would grow wearisome. Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, Rembrandt, Galileo, and Descartes are headlined on his title page. But the ninety years covered in

THE AUTHORS: With the perspective of thirty-five years' devotion to a biography of the human race, Will Durant commented this week about today's crisis-ridden world. "It is normal after a great war," he said, "that the winners should divide and jockey for position in the next war. I think of peace as war by other means." Does he, then, believe that a "next war" is inevitable? "Not in the immediate future; but I don't expect that we shall permanently get along without that diversion. As we see in the life of the past, there is progress in ways and means; but the ends remain the same, man's purposes and desires being the same. He goes on being an acquisitive, jealous, sometimes murderous fellow. We can only say that he also has qualities that make life on the whole more enjoyable than painful."

Mr. Durant sees profound changes taking place in the economic structure. "I think Communism is impossible," he said. "Men are born unequally gifted, and the majority of ability is in a minority of men, so a certain amount of concentration of goods and privileges is inevitable. But the tools of production have become so complex that they require national direction, and I think that it will be forced upon us, even in America, within the next fifty or sixty years."

Once, "in a bashful moment," Mr. Durant described himself as "not a philosopher, but a lover of the lovers of wisdom," and the "lover of wisdom" he most admires is Spinoza. He reached this persuasion via two extremes of thought: intended by his parents for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he entered the Seton Hall seminary in New Jersey, only to leave it two years later and plunge into New York's most radical circles, becoming a teacher at the Anarchist-sponsored Ferrer Modern School. One of his pupils there was a girl named Ida Kaufman, whom he married in 1913. It was in "Transition" (1927), a novel based on these early years, that Mr. Durant first named his wife "Ariel."

Teaching occupied the next few years, until "The Story of Philosophy," an outgrowth of his lectures, astonished everyone by turning into a best-seller and thus enabled its author to give all his time to writing. With Mrs. Durant's assistance, he has been occupied with "The Story of Civilization" since 1927.

In their Los Angeles home the Durants put in a fifty-six-hour work week. Three hours a day are spent reading, and six writing, during which they average three manuscript pages. Minimizing this regimen—which might well make a younger man flinch—Mr. Durant, who will be seventy-six in November, chuckled. "I am jealous of Bernard Baruch, who is still in good form at ninety-one; and then," he said, "there is Bertrand Russell, almost ninety and leading parades. In these days seventy-six is youthful."

—RUTH BROWN.

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this seventh volume also include Elizabeth I and Mary of Scotland, Charles I and Cromwell, Philip II and Henry IV, Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, and a thousand other personalities prominent in that baroque era.

Even the Turkish sultans claim attention, in paragraphs that vie with Gibbon's acid prose. Murad III, after begetting 103 children, "abandoned himself to venery and died of debauchery." His son, Mohammed III, "began his reign in orthodox fashion by murdering nineteen of his brothers as an inducement to domestic peace." The princes and poets of Safavid Persia seem attractive gentlemen by contrast. But Will Durant reminds us that their art and culture were alien to the Europeans of that period, "when the great debate was between Moslem and Christian, not yet between Darwin and Christ."

In these pages the passions and prejudices that move men are never presented as abstractions, as attributes of a disembodied *Zeitgeist*. This is not a book about trends and factors, the classes or the masses. Durant's interest is absorbed by the richness and complexity of individuals. But he does not wholly ignore the moods and contrasts that distinguish one age or culture from another. The volume closes with the announcement that a new era was at hand. "The Peace of Westphalia ended the reign of theology over the European mind, and left the road obstructed but passable for the tentatives of reason." What Durant regards as "the main current in the stream of modern thought"—the great debate between religion and science—had commenced.

Predicament and Possibility

"After the Seventh Day: The World Man Created," by Ritchie Calder *(Simon & Schuster. 440 pp. $6.95), extols man's mastery of his environment, and offers bright hopes for the future. Biologist Marston Bates wrote "The Nature of Natural History," among other books.*

By Marston Bates

RITCHIE CALDER, in "After the Seventh Day," has written an ecological survey of history—and human prehistory—as background for a look at our present predicaments and future possibilities. Calder has traveled all over the world in the course of his work with the Specialized Agencies of the United Nations, and he draws on this personal experience throughout the book, not only in describing the present, but in reconstructing the past. He has recently been appointed Professor of International Relations at Edinburgh University—which seems an appropriate recognition of his world view.

Calder starts, not with the ape-men of the dim past, but with the Eskimos of today, to set the stage for his ecological approach. He makes the point of the fine adaptation of Eskimo ways of doing things to the stresses of the environment in which they live: how the European, the *Kabloona*, has had to learn from the Eskimo *Innuit*, the Real Man. He notes that the fine skills, the keen eyesight, and the photographic memory required for Eskimo survival give him all of the potentialities for becoming a superb mechanic.

The Eskimos, then, illustrate the purpose of the book—to show "that Man has mastered his environment by his own ingenuity; that his progress at every stage has been governed by the circumstances of his natural world, or of that part of it in which he found himself; that history, which we think of as wars and battle-won empires, was more truly dictated by what we would now call 'technology,' the applied knowledge which flourished, corrupted and failed; and that, in terms of our present knowledge, the limits which were reached, or imposed on successive civilizations, which grew in relative isolation, can be extended by modern science. The frontiers are no longer physical or climatic but those of knowledge or intention."

To start his story of technics and civilization, Calder moves from the Eskimos to the Near East, to the history of irrigation in the region of the Tigris and Euphrates. Then he jumps to modern India and malaria; to the locust problem; back in time to the destruction of Carthage; forward again to the rice terraces of Java. This sounds choppy, but the contrasting episodes effectively establish the argument of the book—I think best expressed long ago by Francis Bacon, though Calder does not quote him: "We cannot command nature except by obeying her."

Calder then rapidly sketches human development, from the australopithecines to civilization, stressing always man's environmental relations, and coming up with odd and interesting bits of erudition. He goes on to look at the civilizations of the Nile, Indus, and Yangtze valleys in more detail, and at the "non-riverine" civilizations of the Mediterranean, emphasizing particularly the interrelations of social organization and technical accomplishment.

THE story of man in America is taken up, with, of course, special attention to the civilizations of Central America and the Andes. The discussion of the Incan "welfare state" is particularly appropriate to the thesis of the book, and one cannot help but wonder what would have been the future of this efficient and gentle system if it had not been smashed by the intruding Spaniards. Calder also makes a good case for the ecological balance of the Aztecs with their environment—if not with their sacrificial victims. He ends this part of the study with a more detailed account of his favorites, the Eskimos.

Back to the Old World and a sketch of the Western tradition from the Greeks to sputnik—which serves to introduce the three sections of the book concerned with our present follies. Calder discusses the various sorts of radiation hazards. He gives a beautiful account of the well-known "groundnut scheme," which illustrates so aptly what can happen when the engineering mind, confident with the accomplishments of wartime mobilization, moves in on nature. Germans are more easily bulldozed than is the ecosystem. He looks also at disease problems, agricultural problems—and population. He seems to assume that the skyrocketing human population growth will inevitably continue. With this premise, and with faith in the potentialities of science in the hands of rational men, he looks at the future.

Here I part company with Ritchie Calder. I find his bright possible future as horrifying as Huxley's "Brave New World." Calder has domed, climate-controlled cities in Greenland; the Sahara all neatly manicured by cultivation; rapid jet transport from pole to pole, and sweet reason prevailing in the parliament of men. Perhaps the more likely alternative is a holocaust created by irrational man. But I still hope we can find some middle way between savagery and total organization. And, though I am a scientist, I haven't Ritchie Calder's faith that science, in itself, can solve our problems. Though science could likely do a better job than that being performed by politics!

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FICTION

International Bookshelf: Tales From the Antipodes

1. Russia

"Nikolai Leskov: Selected Tales," *translated by David Magarshack (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 300 pp. $5), introduces to the West five stories by the nineteenth-century Russian writer from whom Shostakovitch took the theme for his most sensational opera. Ivar Spector's books include "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture" and "The Golden Age of Russian Literature."*

By Ivar Spector

NIKOLAI SEMYONOVITCH LESKOV (1831-1895), whom Gorky called "the most truly Russian of all the Russian writers" and "entirely free from outside influence," is less known in the West than many of his contemporaries. Inside Russia he was ostracized by the liberal press, because in two early "political" novels—"No Way Out" (1864), a rebuttal to Turgenev's "Fathers and Children," and "At Daggers Drawn" (1870-71)—he attacked the Nihilists, in a sense anticipating Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" (1873).

Leskov is best known in the United States for the first tale in this collection, "Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District" (1865). The Soviet composer Dimitri Shostakovitch used this plot in 1934 for an opera under the same title. Stalin's condemnation of the plot, which lacked a "positive character," attracted world-wide attention to the Leskov tale.

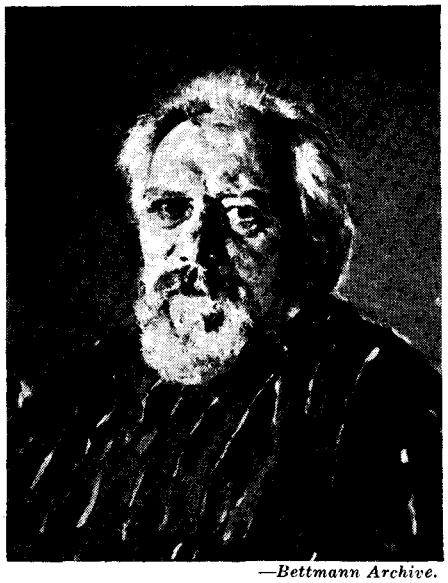
Katerina, the Russian Lady Macbeth, was an adulteress, "possessed" by carnal lust. To her lover, Sergey, a clerk in her husband's employ, she said, "I want to be kissed so that the blossoms of the apple tree fall to the ground." In her desperate attempt to hold Sergey, she brought about the murder of her father-in-law, husband, a child heir to the family fortune, and her prison rival, Sonetka, perishing herself with the final victim. This crime story is strongly reminiscent of Tolstoy's play, "The Power of Darkness" (1886). A comparison of the two suggests that Katerina may have been a model for Anisya and Sergey for Nikita, the philandering young laborer employed by Pyotr. In addition to "Lady Macbeth," Magarshack has included four other tales: "The Enchanted Wanderer," "The Left-Handed Craftsman," "The Sentry," and "The White Eagle." The five stories span Leskov's writing career.

With the exception of "Lady Macbeth," these tales fall into the "skaz" category, a genre that Leskov appropriated and developed as his specialty. The "skaz" is a story told in the first person, in which the author employs the vocabulary, proverbs, method, and manner of presentation of the narrator, be he monk or Old Believer, peasant, craftsman, or merchant. The structure of the "skaz" in some respects recalls that of "The Arabian Nights." As translator, Magarshak has shown great skill in the delicate task of reproducing in English the form and spirit of this type of narrative.

The best example of the "skaz" in this collection is "The Enchanted Wanderer" (1873)—a long and absorbing picaresque tale of a man driven from one adventure to another, until finally he becomes a monk. In this story Leskov does not confine himself to Russia proper, but provides a revealing picture of Tatar life and customs, and Tatar reaction to Russians, in territory newly acquired by the czarist regime in Central Asia.

Throughout these stories Leskov depicts the simple Russian peasant and craftsman as deeply religious and unquestionably loyal to Russia. In this respect, too, his work resembles that of Tolstoy in "War and Peace" and "Sevastopol." Leskov is nearer to Gorky and Ostrovsky, in style and content, but in spirit he is closer to Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. At times he seems to sum up the work of these writers.

This absorbing collection of Leskov tales will be appreciated by students of Russian literature, as well as by the general reader, for it covers many aspects of Russian life and thought not generally known in the West.



—Bettmann Archive.

Nikolai Leskov—"most truly Russian."

2. Poland

"Sons and Comrades," by Kazimierz Brandys, *translated by D. J. Welsh (Grove. 128 pp. Paperback, $1.75), and* ***"Ferdydurke," by Witold Gombrowicz,*** *translated by Eric Mosbacher (Harcourt, Brace & World. 272 pp. $4.50), are contrasting examples of contemporary Polish fiction. Pawel Mayewski, author, poet, and translator, is editor of Tematy, a Polish literary quarterly.*

By Pawel Mayewski

CONTRARY to my hope, vague, to be sure, that there was an affinity between the two books I am writing about, I found on reflection that it would be ludicrous even to attempt to discover one. Both were written by Poles, but this is as far as one can go. A disparity greater than time (they were written some twenty years apart) or the climate from which they emerged divides them: "Sons and Comrades" is the work of a cool, detached intelligence operating within a narrow, possibly even utilitarian, frame of technique and reference, whereas "Ferdydurke" is a brilliant tour de force, uncontrolled save by Mr. Gombrowicz's inner, disquieting discipline, openly controversial, inventive to the point of being irritating, and—bearing the reader in mind—written only for those who are willing to take it for what it is. Its main purpose is to emphasize its being.

Kazimierz Brandys has long enjoyed the reputation of an accomplished, care-

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ful, and contemporary-minded novelist, short story writer, and essayist, with an unusual ear for detecting the sound of issues that trouble Communist and semi-Communist intellectuals. I have always had the impression that his involvement in and treatment of the conflicts that formed the basis of Poland's—and not only Poland's—social and political scene were genuine and bold. After his last and unsuccessful novel, "The Citizens," he wrote at least two impressive shorter pieces, one of which, "The Defense of Granada," won much acclaim in Europe, particularly France. "Sons and Comrades," more ambitious in design, if only because it goes beyond the latter's specific ideological content, seems to me less effective.

Around the central figure of Lucja Krol, a poor widow with four sons, who seems to be an almost typical Polish woman of strange dignity and courage, is woven episodically what I should like to call the story of Polish propinquity to Communist (Brandys unsurprisingly refers to it as revolutionary) theory and practice. Lucja's lack of interest in Communism (she sees it only through her children and squalor), her son Klemen's tortured idealism, which ends in heroic disaster, her (I presume) one-time lover and benefactor Lewen's probing engagement and—it seems—final disillusionment are the chief reflections of that propinquity. Through, around, and above it pass dark events: Nazi occupation, death, arrest, anger and love, the need to survive—with or without meaning. It it a sad, monotonous story, at times almost dull in its bareness, as one might imagine a Dostoevsky story to be when stripped of its intensity and ardor of idea. But, for all that, "Sons and Comrades" is moving. It is moving because one knows at bottom that this is what life essentially is, especially if its main meaning is survival, interrupted only now and then by a groping to understand another man's gesture, effort, or interference.

"Ferdydurke" commands a far greater degree of emotional involvement. Having read it now in the English translation several years after encountering it in the original, I feel that in its major sense—deeply personal, as regards the author—it is really disquieting, almost painful, although I am reluctant to define its quality, primarily because it is intuitive and sensory (I trust that Mr. Gombrowicz's own intuitive powers will help him understand my escape towards lack of clarity). There is a special point of view—no, rather angle—which directs the author's intellectual and temperamental efforts, and I hope that some of his readers, regarding "Ferdydurke" with new insight, will notice, absorb, and describe it more clearly than I have.

BUT there is a very discernible current that one becomes aware of from almost the first sentence of the book: the amazing earnestness with which the author sets out to investigate—by touch, stab, and evasion—that something which prose refers to as man's relation to man, facial identity, the weaning of a personal essence. I have not in recent years read another novel so seriously dedicated to this end. Gombrowicz's intensity is exceptional and, if any comparison is called for, I would think first of Céline, although Céline, less intellectual and closer to truth, went almost beyond what is possible in art—into nocturnal pain. Gombrowicz's capacity is similar, but he is more prone to artifice and invention.

"Ferdydurke" is also a journey, but into the clear daylight that satire, irony, and order permit. The protagonist, a young man of thirty, is on the point of divining his identity when a Professor Pimko, a perennial inventor and defender of the empty, dreary "beauty" of life, arrives to take him back into the world of nonsense, mores, manners, and rhetoric. Off they go, amid schoolboys, modern girls, stuffy adults, poetry without poetry, grimaces, ridiculous duels, affairs of love and hate, rachitic suburbs, sex, fear, the pathetic rural bourgeoisie, etc., etc. The descriptive passages on nature are of great beauty, and the subtle rendering of mental states is new, unexpected and, at its best, very moving. Gombrowicz's strange talent for mingling poetry and psychology so that at times they become one is unique among contemporary writers.

Elsewhere (in his Diary, being printed, as it grows, in the Paris monthly *Kultura*) Gombrowicz attempts to give a more direct picture of what he is philosophically, of what he really stands for when it comes to a definite, separate issue. However, it seems that "Ferdydurke" still serves him as material for contemplation; in it he has initiated not only a search for identity, but gathered a multitude of questions and riddles. Asked what he meant by "Ferdydurke," he—ironically, I believe—wrote: "Come, come, be more sensuous, less cerebral, start dancing with the book instead of asking for meanings. Why take so much interest in the skeleton if it's got a body?" This is all very well; but Gombrowicz knows that a body, to be sustained, must rest on a skeleton. Like life, art survives longest in its bones—which are its meanings.

There is meaning in "Ferdydurke" beneath the grotesque, the absurd, and the bizarre. It is not contained in a message, a figure of speech, or a sermon. Its meaning is that man is forever alone, that every time he speaks, acts, or desires, he dies—for every gesture he makes is a spending. To add weight to his gesture, to imbue it with sense not only for others, but also for himself, is impossible. That is why "Ferdydurke's" Johnnie, in his intense search for maturity (or whatever you will) "fled with his face in his hands," finding no echo to his cry anywhere.

"But it seems so silly having to take out a license when I'm only going to use it once."

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3. New Zealand

"Faces in the Water," by Janet Frame *(Braziller. 254 pp. $4), portrays an overcrowded and understaffed mental hospital in New Zealand, as seen through the eyes of a patient. Biographer Aileen Pippett frequently evaluates fiction.*

By Aileen Pippett

A PREFATORY note states that this book, although in documentary form, is a work of fiction. This claim to be true in outline and essence is amply justified. As a report on mental hospitals in New Zealand it checks with accounts from many countries about similar conditions of overcrowding and shortage of adequately trained staffs. As a novel it carries conviction because the author has artistic integrity and intuitive understanding. She is firmly in control of her material and sure of her direction, as the unfortunate girl who here tells her own story of nine years of physical confinement and mental confusion so piteously was not.

The choice of the odd name of Estina Mavet for her hapless heroine is an indication of Miss Frame's skill, for it immediately suggests divergence from the normal, since no other character in the story, mad or sane, is so outlandishly identified. But Estina's apartness from her real self and from other people was not complete. At times reduced to almost subhuman level, she retained some awareness of her plight; she knew she was mad, in a madhouse, but she was not an idiot, a contented babbler.

Miss Frame can command the nightmare images of delusion but she uses them with restraint to increase their effectiveness. She never allows Estina to attempt an explanation or pretend a feeling beyond her limited capacity. Thus we are not told what caused the "great gap [which] opened in the ice floe" and cut Estina adrift from reality, though there are hints in the account of a confused love-hate attitude towards a nurse that point to the possible disturbing factor of an unresolved conflict with her mother and jealousy of a happily married sister.

However, we can only guess at explanations, for Estina seems to have had very little psychiatric help. Doctors flit hurriedly past, too busy to pay much attention to any one patient. Their orders are relentlessly enforced; protests are unavailing. Treatment, including electric shock, is therefore not understood as curative in purpose but as punishment for unknown offenses. Relaxation of stricter rules, removal from one

Janet Frame—"sure of her direction."

category to another as the disease tightens or loosens its grip are equally inexplicable to a sufferer staggering under a self-imposed load of fear and guilt.

We do not know how Estina eventually regained her reason and her freedom, but we see the first glimmer of light in her darkness when she writes, "We all see the faces in the water" (that is, drowning people in need of help), "and sometimes we see our own face." Thus Miss Frame uses an illusion in a sick mind to express an underlying truth about our common humanity. Her novel by its objectivity and its coherence takes us through an inferno but releases us at last to sweet upper air.

4. The East

"A Treasury of Modern Asian Stories," edited by Daniel L. Milton and William Clifford *(New American Library. 237 pp. Paperback, 50¢), reflect the age-old Oriental delight in the awesome and in man as a divine being. Robert Payne is editor of "Contemporary Chinese Stories."*

By Robert Payne

THE FIRST storytellers came from the East, and the last storyteller of all may be an old man on a Chinese mountain recounting to his grandchildren, in the few moments of life left to him, how he saw a strange cloud in the sky and the earth transformed into a lake of fire. It would be a suitable story to tell, for the Eastern storytellers are in love with the marvelous.

So it was in Sumeria and ancient Palestine, and so it remains today. The marvelous, the majestically heroic, the incredible made subtly credible appear in nearly all these stories collected from modern Asia.

Take, for example, the brilliant story by the late Pakistan author Saadat Hasan Manto. It tells of Randhir, a notorious rake who sleeps with all the Eurasian girls he can lay his hands on. One day, during the monsoon season in Bombay, he sees a filthy Ghatan girl sheltering under a tamarind tree, her sodden clothes clinging to her. He invites her to his apartment, undresses her, examines her with casual lustfulness, seduces her, and then abandons her, but not before he is made aware of a strange earthy smell coming from her, a smell that is "natural and eternal, like the relationship which has existed between man and woman since the beginning of time." He goes on to other adventures, but always he is aware of the haunting presence of the Ghatan girl. Out of an odor he has made a goddess.

Or take the story called "Sensations at the Top of a Coconut Tree," by the Indonesian author Achdiat Karta Mihardja. After a quarrel with his wife, Usin climbs a coconut tree and from his lofty perch forty-three feet above the ground he contemplates with celestial indifference the scurryings of the villagers below, the wailing of his wife, and the strange prayers of Rusdi, the local medicine man, with his infallible recipes for bringing erring husbands back to their hearths. Usin looks down on the world as Zeus looked down on the Trojan armies. He enjoys his sensations of power until he is discovered. His wife shrieks at him, reporters aim their cameras at him, a net is prepared against his fall. Confused and angered by all these attentions, he slips and plummets to the ground. That is all, but it is enough. In the course of the story Mihardja has invested his hero with extraordinary grandeur, at once human and Olympian. The story of his rise and fall becomes a shimmering morality play.

So it is in all the stories of Shen Tsung-wen, perhaps the greatest of modern Chinese storytellers. His story, "A Sailor in Port," tells of a seaman visiting a prostitute in Chengchow, but before the story is over we are made aware that another Antony has met his Cleopatra, and all the ugliness of their encounter is transformed into ravishing beauty. In much the same way Lu Hsun tells a story about a rickshaw driver who assumes before our eyes and before those of the author an almost superhuman grandeur.

One can only congratulate the editors who have spread their net so widely and come up with so many delights.

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The Most Important Question in the World

LISTEN to people. Listen to them wherever you may go in America, wherever you may go in the world. You will hear one question above all others. It is an insistent and powerful question, heavy with foreboding and the pain of human helplessness. This is the question:

"What can I do?"

The question is natural; indeed, inevitable. There is a sense of being caught in a giant undertow, with nothing being securely anchored. All the agencies and institutions designed to safeguard and ennoble the human estate—agencies and institutions like governments and churches—seem themselves to be pulled away from their moorings. And the individual human being senses somehow that if the drift is to be stopped, he will have to help to stop it. A deep survival instinct inside him tells him that he has a responsibility unlike any responsibility he has ever had before.

But all this serves only to make his question more insistent and more elusive: "What can I do?"

He is whipsawed from one crisis to another. The day before yesterday it was the Congo. Yesterday it was Laos and Cuba. Today it is Berlin. Each time the ultimatums become louder and sharper. And attached to the tempers are the fuses of holocaust. And again he asks his question. He finds himself faced with impossible choices. He is determined to hold fast to his national values, whatever the ordeal. But he also knows there may be no values, nor men to enjoy them, once the process of atomic pulverization begins.

He knows, for example, if he is an American, that his nation cannot turn away from Berlin. He knows that the lines are drawn and the commitments made. He knows that the major powers must be prepared to fight for West Berlin, but he also knows that fighting for Berlin will not save it, any more than any city, whether Berlin or London or Moscow or New York, can be saved when the big bombs start to fall.

Everything that happens seems to dramatize the dilemma. The ways of nations and the nature of their disputes have not changed from what they have always been. Yet the means of violent settlement of those disputes have changed; in fact, they have changed more in a few years than in all of previous history put together. This perplexes the individual because he doesn't want his nation to be intimidated into retreat or surrender, yet he recognizes that the national cause will not prevail in suicide.

Underscoring the dilemmas and the confusions is his own feeling of remoteness and helplessnes. Once again, therefore: "What can I do?"

One thing it is clearly within his power to do. He can begin to find the answer to his question by sharing it with others. What makes the question so terrible is the loneliness it is born of and that it produces. Just to be able to identify apprehensions and compare them can be a seedbed of honest hope. The shared thought ignites into action more readily than the secluded thought.

Next, it is important to have confidence in the dependence of government on a public mandate. There are overriding questions on which government feels it dare not act without evidence of genuine support. This is especially true in the building of a common security under law among nations. Questions involving sovereignty are highly sensitive and there is an understandable tendency in government to hold back in these matters unless there are signs of public readiness. Hence the individual must accept the fact of his own centrality in these matters and use every means of communication between him and the people who represent him in public life.

A specific case in point is the bill before Congress calling for a separate

(*Continued on page* 40)

The Dormitory

By Jascha Kessler

WHAT was desire—Dido bawling from the cliffs,
her general mulling fresher conquests,
that gorgeous insipidity—has gone:
there are high heels clacking in Saskatoon;

what might be—when little stars are great suns
in a universe too large for discourse,
lucid difficulties like adult poems,
so austere a jazz—blinds in this shadow;

what is—neither convoy nor residence,
nothing remembered, nothing found—we have:
our wish, engineered climate, draftsman's walls,
and our life, single minds in double beds.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FIRST THINGS FIRST

THE SATURDAY REVIEW account of the New York *Daily News* "scoop" (an obnoxious word) on the Bruno Richard Hauptmann verdict [*SR*, Aug. 26] is more larded with inaccuracies than George Waller's "Kidnap: The Story of the Lindbergh Case." I speak with authority on the subject. I was the reporter who obtained the correct verdict of the jury for the *News* about half an hour in advance of the opposition.

The decision to attempt this "beat" (a phrase only slightly less objectionable than "scoop") was reached with reluctance only after the Associated Press, the Hearst newspapers, and several other publications had paid out "bribes" and laid plans to secure a beat. Of course, the possibility of getting advance information on the verdict had been discussed in the *News* as it had been in most editorial offices. But the late Joseph Medill Patterson, founder and publisher of the *News*, had rejected it on my advice as the "wrong thing to do unless the competitive situation forces us into taking action."

Since I was the member of the staff most familiar with all phases of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann story (I'd written the original kidnap story the night it happened and I was to stay with the assignment until I saw Hauptmann executed), the task of dealing with the problem when it developed was placed in my hands. No sum even remotely resembling the $1,500 mentioned in *SR* was involved.

For the record, I categorically state that the exclusive advance on the verdict was secured mainly through long established friendships, exactly as *Times*man Lauren Lyman's "scoop" (again that damned obnoxious term) on the Lindberghs' decision to move to England was secured through friendship. If "bribes" could accomplish the feat, the A.P., the Hearst papers, and others would have been in the front.

The information was relayed directly from the jury room and was twice confirmed before it was flashed to the *News* over the regular wire facilities in the courthouse.

SR was incorrect in its assertion that the exclusive advance information was "garbled" and that there was "confusion" in the *News* editorial office. The truth is that the verdict exclusive was handled with care as well as with courage. The headline "Guilty—Death" was used in the first run of extras and was never changed. The A.P. flash of "Guilty—Life Imprisonment" naturally caused some concern. But the late Harvey Deuell, then city editor, and the late Frank Hause, then managing editor, both decided to stand on my report. The only precaution taken was to have some trucks dispatched immediately after the A.P. erroneous flash was received, with instruction to telephone back before delivering the extras to dealers. The presses continued to roll without interruption. Trucks continued to be loaded.

"Not here at Alexandria! If you got them at our Babylon branch, *return* them to our Babylon branch!"

And the *News* was in fact the first on the streets with the correct verdict.

So were thirty-eight newspapers throughout the country which subscribed to the New York News-Chicago Tribune News Service and which received my flash. The News-Chicago Tribune Syndicate, with its wires set up next to the city room, never considered sending out a "hold" or correction. Each of the thirty-eight newspapers subscribing to the syndicate sent me messages of congratulation.

Robert Conway,
New York *Daily News*.

New York, N. Y.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

IT WAS HEARTENING to read Elmo Roper's article "The U.S. Press and the Tractor Deal" [*SR*, Aug. 12]. The need for a fair and responsible press in this country should not be a cause championed by the few, but the vital concern of all Americans.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND.

New York, N. Y.

DIARY OF A DILEMMA

JOHN F. WHARTON'S article "Diary of a Man Struggling with Reality" [*SR*, Aug. 19] is deeply moving and expresses exactly what is felt by many.

No doubt there were a number of intelligent people in Pompeii and Martinique who knew that disaster was impending, but they did not know how to impart the knowledge to their fellow man, or how to persuade them to seek safety.

The burning question remains: What action can we take to "stay the threatened holocaust"?

HARALD R. TOPKEN.

Germantown, N. Y.

MR. WHARTON is taking a most unrealistic approach to the problem. In establishing his thesis that man has, in fact, outlawed incest, cannibalism, and individual murder, and could add atomic war as another taboo, he has failed to distinguish between man as a moral individual and man as a social being. As Reinhold Niebuhr so clearly points out in his "Moral Man and Immoral Society," "a sharp distinction must be drawn between the moral and social behavior of individuals and of social groups . . . and this distinction justifies and necessitates political policies which a purely individualistic ethic must always find embarrassing."

Mr. Wharton admits by implication that there is a difference when he states that man has nearly eliminated "individual" murder but made no mention of a taboo against war, which is mass murder.

Therefore, I feel, his argument falls apart because in each of these taboo acts (incest, cannibalism, and individual murder) it is up to the individual as an individual, not as a social being, to make the decision whether or not to commit the immoral act. Mr. Wharton is expecting man as a member of a social group—

(*Continued on page* 52)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Metropolitan Malaise

SETTLEMENT of the Metropolitan Opera dispute under the steady prodding of Secretary of Labor Goldberg is a relief to all music lovers, as is the announcement that the 1961-62 season will go on. But the root fact that emerges from the controversy is this: the organization is, actually, hopelessly disorganized in the face of a serious labor problem; its press relations are completely inadequate to provide the public with the information it merits and should have; and the total collapse of existing facilities to meet such problems means that only a complete reorganization can prevent a duplication in the future of the hapless situation that unhinged all the persons involved.

There is, clearly, a power vacuum, with the result that it was filled by the volatile personality of Rudolf Bing. It is clear that he determined the policy of cancellation as the escape valve from union pressure, concentrated on this occasion in the orchestra. "No season" was a simple, if desperate, formula to let the steam out of the operatic boiler, a self-decreed cooling-off period that would permit a fresh start sometime in the future.

There is, however, a board of directors that hires Bing, rather than vice versa. Whether or not he is versed in the realities of American life, they assuredly are. It is their function to make opera possible, not to make it impossible. When ordinary procedures of negotiation gave signs of being impossible, they should, on their own, have initiated action for extraordinary ones, rather than letting the whole matter eventually wind up on the Secretary of Labor's desk in Washington.

For the board has a responsibility to a higher authority than Rudolf Bing. Just where it reposes may be an interesting legal point. It is inherent in corporate structure that a board of directors has, ultimately, a responsibility to its stockholders. The nature of the Metropolitan Opera Association being what it is, there are no stockholders in the common sense of the term. But, certainly, it has voiced its dependence on the public so often and in such unmistakable terms that those who provide the funds which assure its continuance and which support the payroll of which Bing is the appointed administrator are, in fact, the stockholders—which is to say, the public.

If anything emerges clearly as complementary to the Metropolitan's lacks in skilled labor negotiators and resourceful press representation, it is the bankruptcy of the policy of "cancellation." For "cancellation" is not a policy, but the absence of policy. If there had not been a 1961-62 season at the Metropolitan because of labor difficulties, "cancellation" would not have caused them to go away. They would, merely, have been deferred and aggravated.

It was this misconception that resulted in the series of fanciful speculations, rumors, and assumptions of alternatives put into the atmosphere during Rudolf Bing's August absence, and reported here last week under the title "Bing Fires the Public." It was as a result of the vaporings that the newspapers of New York voiced unanimous disapproval of management "cancellation" in the terms reflected by the excerpts "The Press Rates the Met" that accompanied the same commentary. It was indicative of a new approach to the whole problem that as late as August 26, when the locale was shifted to Washington, management conceded a season was still possible, so far as artist availabilities are concerned. Hence, it is improbable that such excuses will ever be given serious consideration by the public in the future.

Aside from all consideration of the justice or injustice of the demands imposed by the orchestral musicians, and the management's contention of its in-

ability to meet them, two time elements collided head-on in this particular situation. One: the reasonable desire of the administration to secure the options on the services of its leading singers by a customary date (June 30). Two: the unwillingness of the union to negotiate "with a gun at its head."

If the Metropolitan were to add so necessary an adjunct as an experienced labor negotiator to its staff—as it certainly must— such negotiations could be spaced over the whole year, rather than concentrated in the spring. They should not involve those whose functions are primarily artistic. There should also, in future labor relations, be a *provision for a means of resolving disagreements that the parties to the disagreement cannot resolve themselves.* Neither Taft nor Hartley ever visualized a day when the dilemma of an opera company should make one think of its procedures; but if the Metropolitan is the "vital national resource" it is said to be by Administration sources—and those who are devoted to it have no doubt that it is—then there should be a way of seeing that the work can be continued, and the settlements made retroactive without involving the now futile threat of "cancellation."

Much has been heard, during this time of trouble, of "subsidy" as a way of easing the Metropolitan's financial burdens and adjusting earnings for those whose work-year is limited to thirty-two weeks. Were this to derive from federal sources, the needed legislation could hardly have been whipped up in time to provide a solution this year or next. New York State and/or New York City could, conceivably, move more quickly but the scope of such assistance would be far smaller.

There is, however, a possible alternative worth consideration. Unlike all the prominent European countries, on both sides of the Curtain, the United States has no state-supported radio system, such as those in Italy, France, England, the Soviet Union, etc. Thus the resources available to the Voice of America to compete with Radio Moscow, or even with the BBC, are severely limited in such areas as operatic performance, symphonic music, or concert repertory in general. Doubtless they have records, but records are available world-wide and reflect no special credit on us merely for broadcasting them.

It would seem a possibility worth consideration that Voice of America have its budget amended to acquire, through cash payment, rights to tape specific performances by the Metropolitan, the New York Philharmonic, or the Boston Symphony, or any opera companies and orchestras wishing to participate. The Metropolitan performances, as an example, need not be those commercially broadcast by the sponsor, but tapes made (with union consent and blessing, of course, and also with union profit) of other highlight occasions—for this particular purpose only *and available for use through the entire year.* Presumably the purpose of Voice of America broadcasting, between news and other presentations of factual matter, is to command the attention of the overseas listener. Here could be a procedure of benefit to several aspects of national purpose at once: an assistance of our hard-pressed noncommercial cultural enterprises at home and a real asset to our propaganda effort abroad.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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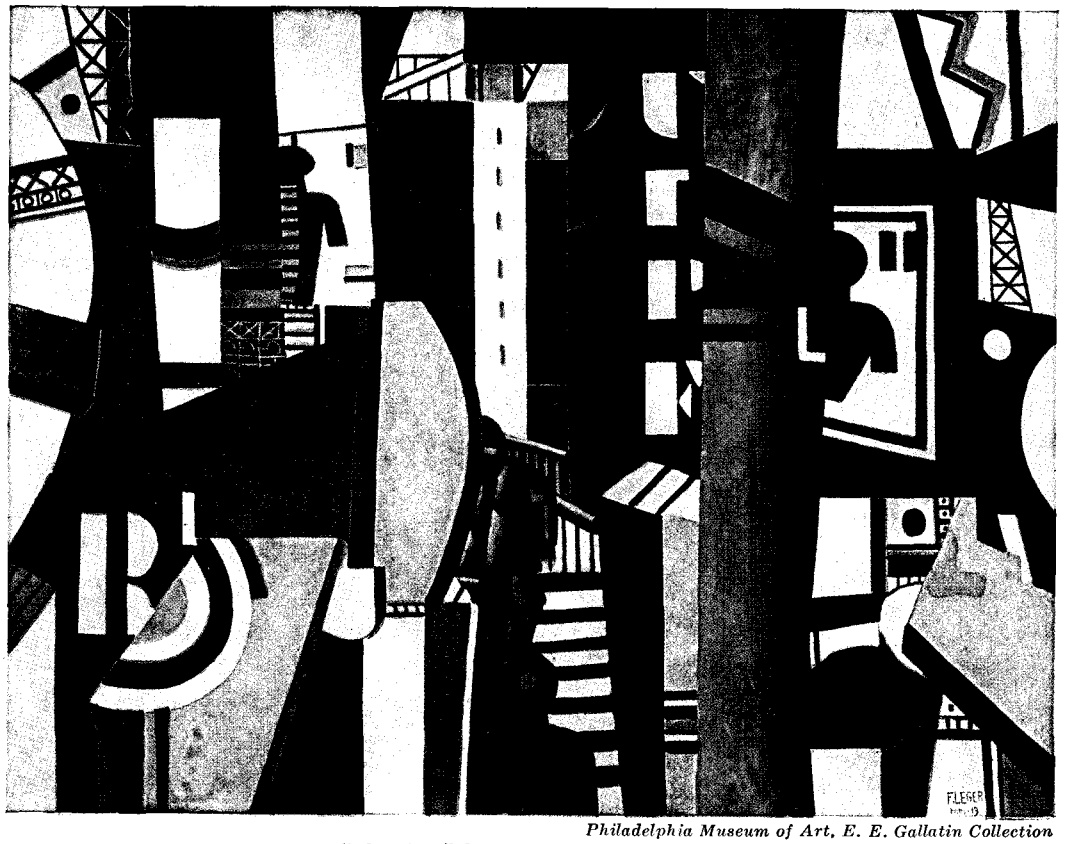
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



Philadelphia Museum of Art, E. E. Gallatin Collection

"The City" by Fernand Leger, 1919

Where else in the history of our times can we find a more cogent symbol of modern life than "The City" by Fernand Leger, sometimes considered this French artist's most important masterpiece? Nowhere has the multiplicity, optimism, gaiety, and garishness of a vast metropolis been caught with greater authority. It is surprising that Leger painted "The City" a good twelve years before he first visited the United States, for what he has to say seems closer to the cacophony, light, and staccato intensity of America than to the spirit of Europe. As an all-out admirer of modern mechanization he organized his deliberately chaotic material into a compact, interrelated design, hoping to make his composition function with the precision of a beautifully integrated machine.

—K. K.

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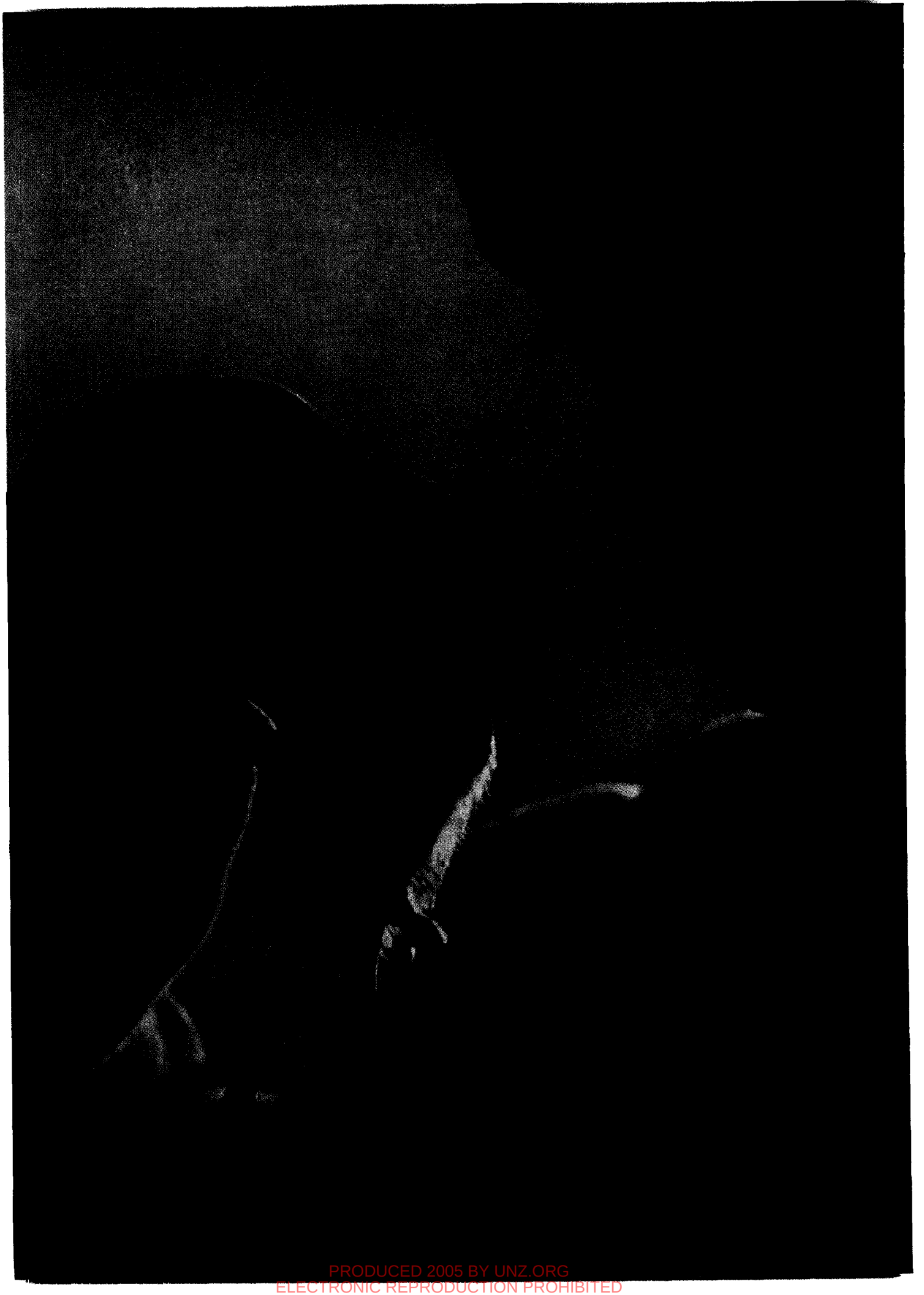

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Why did the bird die?

Didn't he get enough to eat? Did he break his wings? Why did he have to die? Why?

A child's whys seem as numberless as the moments that march him toward adulthood. Too often, the end of questioning comes with the end of childhood; for many, the wonder of the world is lost with growing up.

Others—all too few—never outgrow the joy of asking, searching, and finding.

These adults with the curiosity of children are people we know quite well. They probe the secrets of petroleum at Shell Research. They want to know why the farmer's crops fail and what can be done about it. They dream of a thousand new products to be made from petroleum, and seek to make them a reality. Their quest takes them into the furthest reaches of outer space and into the locked-up secrets of the atom.

Shell believes one of man's greatest strengths is this kind of curiosity, and has set up a program dedicated to its growth. That is why Shell provides continuing aids to education: from fellowships and scholarships and research grants to the unique Shell Merit Fellowships for training science teachers in new teaching techniques.

It is a program which tries to carry out our belief that the world needs more people who find out how because they keep asking why.

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

We hope that the sign of the Shell reminds you of those people who never stop asking why, who never stop the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* NINTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

PLUS 20 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 6, 1962, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1961.

SR's 1960 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Joseph C. Zavatt of Woodmere, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for color. Judge Zavatt won a round-trip to the Orient with his photograph of a Yemenite Rabbi.

Paul Petroff of Great Neck, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for black-and-white. Mr. Petroff's photograph of a Mexican girl won him a round-trip to Rome.

PHOTO AWARDS

➡

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1960, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1961, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1962. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Short and Anxious Look at the New Theatre Season

THE SCHEDULE of attractions for the new theatre season—those with definite opening dates are listed to the right—emanates a tired determination to improve enough so that come June we can say, "At least, it was better than last year." There may be no giants, but there should be fewer large corpses.

Tennessee Williams will be represented with a new play closest in style to "Summer and Smoke." Paddy Chayefsky takes a modern look at an ancient legend in "Gideon," with staging by Sir Tyrone Guthrie. Robert Ardrey, who pops up at about ten-year intervals, will have his play about the Hungarian Revolution (titled "The Shadow of Heroes") done at the York in mid-November. And William Inge's "Natural Affection" will be displayed in the spring. Jack ("The Connection") Gelber's second play, a comedy called "The Apple," will be polished by the Living Theatre in October. And Hugh Wheeler, who was last season's most promising new playwright, attempts to climb out of that category with a second effort.

The list of plays adapted from books is surprisingly short, though full of quality. The most exciting group, however, is the more tested schedule of imported plays, topped by Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker." If Robert Shaw can approximate the sensitive performance Peter Woodthorpe gave in London, this should be received as the best foreign play of the season. Graham Greene's "The Complaisant Lover," a sad and wry comedy about the decline of adultery, and Robert Bolt's high-purposed play about Thomas More, "A Man for All Seasons," were both long-running London hits, as was Terence Rattigan's "Ross," which David Merrick hopes to present this fall if he can get the right star to play Lawrence of Arabia.

As usual, there are plenty of musicals with Noel Coward, Dietz and Schwartz, and Burrows and Loesser all first-class entrants. Much also is expected of Oscar Brown, Jr.'s "Kicks & Co.," which was auditioned on the Garroway show last March. The musical has a star, Burgess Meredith, but no definite theatre for its November opening on Broadway. If all this does not suffice, Richard Rodgers, writing his own lyrics, will be along in February with an interracial musical set in Paris titled "No Strings."

—HENRY HEWES.

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW	THE THRACIAN HORSES, comedy by Maurice Valency	Nancy Wickwire, Tom Barbour	Wed., Sept. 27 Orpheum
	PURLIE VICTORIOUS, comedy by Ossie Davis	Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, Sorrell Booke	Thurs., Sept. 28 Cort
	HIGH FIDELITY, comedy by Arthur Carter	Julie Wilson, Vicki Cummings, John Newton	Fri., Sept. 29 Ambassador
	BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE, by James & William Goldman	Darin McGavin, Peter Fonda, Gene Roche	Thurs., Oct. 5 Morosco
	EVERYBODY LOVES OPAL, comedy by John Patrick	Eileen Heckart, Stubby Kaye, Donald Harron	Wed., Oct. 11 Longacre
	A COOK FOR MR. GENERAL, comedy by Steven Gethers	Bill Travers, Roland Winters, John McGiver	Thurs., Oct. 19 Playhouse
	LOOK WE'VE COME THROUGH, comedy by Hugh Wheeler	Collin Wilcox, Clinton Kimbrough	Wed., Oct. 25 Hudson
	WRITE ME A MURDER, thriller by Frederick Knott	Kim Hunter, James Donald	Thurs., Oct. 26 Belasco
	THE GARDEN OF SWEETS, by Waldemar Hansen	Katina Paxinou, Jo Van Fleet, Robert Elston	Tues., Oct. 31 ANTA
	GIDEON, by Paddy Chayefsky	Fredric March, Douglas Campbell	Thurs., Nov. 9 Plymouth
	SUNDAY IN NEW YORK, farce by Norman Krasna	Juliet Mills	Mon., Nov. 20 Cort
	THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA, by Tennessee Williams	Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, Margaret Leighton	Thurs., Dec. 28 Royale
BOOKS	A SHORT HAPPY LIFE, A. E. Hotchner's adaptation of some Hemingway stories	Rod Steiger, Nan Martin, Salome Gens	Tues., Nov. 28
	SIMONE, Ben Hecht's adaptation of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel	Jenny Hecht	Wed., Nov. 29
	DAUGHTER OF SILENCE, by Morris L. West from his own unpublished novel	Emlyn Williams, Rip Torn, Irene Dailey	Thurs., Nov. 30
	FIRST LOVE, by Samuel Taylor from Romain Gary's "La Promesse de l'Aube"	Elisabeth Bergner	Wed., Dec. 13 Morosco
IMPORT	ONE WAY PENDULUM, comedy by N. F. Simpson	Gerald Hiken, Betty Leighton, Carey Nairnes	Mon., Sept. 18 Phoenix 74th
	HAPPY DAYS, by Samuel Beckett	Ruth White, John C. Becher	Tues., Sept. 19 Cherry Lane
	DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY? by Karl Wittlinger	George Voscovec, Hal Holbrook	Mon., Oct. 2 Barrymore
	THE CARETAKER, by Harold Pinter	Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, Alan Bates	Wed., Oct. 4 Lyceum
	THE MAID'S ROOM, by Marcel Achard, adapted by Harry Kurnitz	Julie Harris, William Shatner, Donald Cook	Wed., Oct. 18 Booth
	THE COMPLAISANT LOVER, comedy by Graham Greene	Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, Richard Johnson	Wed., Nov. 1 Barrymore
	A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, by Robert Bolt	Paul Scofield, George Rose, Leo McKern, Albert Dekker	Wed., Nov. 22 ANTA
MUSICAL	FROM THE SECOND CITY, by William Mathieu and others	Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, Eugene Troobnick	Tues., Sept. 26 Royale
	SAIL AWAY, by Noel Coward	Elaine Stritch, James Hurst, Jean Fenn	Tues., Oct. 3 Broadhurst
	LET IT RIDE, by Abram Ginnis, Jay Livingston, Ray Evans	Sam Levene, George Gobel, Barbara Nichols	Fri., Oct. 6 Eugene O'Neill
	MILK AND HONEY, by Don Appell, Jerry Herman	Molly Picon, Mimi Benzell, Robert Weede	Tues., Oct. 10 Martin Beck
	HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, by Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser	Robert Morse, Rudy Vallee, Virginia Martin, Bonnie Scott, Charles Nelson Reilly	Sat., Oct. 14 46th Street
	KWAMINA, by Robert Alan Arthur, Richard Adler	Sally Ann Howes, Terry Carter, Ethel Ayler	Mon., Oct. 23 54th Street
	KEAN, by Peter Stone, George Forrest, Robert Wright	Alfred Drake, Joan Welden, Lee Venora, Oliver Gray	Thurs., Nov. 2 Broadway
	THE GAY LIFE, by Fay & Michael Kanin, Howard Dietz, Arthur Schwartz	Walter Chiari, Barbara Cook, Anita Gilette	Sat., Nov. 18 Shubert
	AT NINE O'CLOCK	Mort Sahl, Dorothy Loudon	Tues., Dec. 26 Golden
	SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING, by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Jule Styne	Carol Lawrence, Sydney Chaplin	Tues., Dec. 26

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

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GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
SANDRA DEE
BOBBY DARIN
WALTER SLEZAK

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Directed by Robert Mulligan
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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Traveling Light

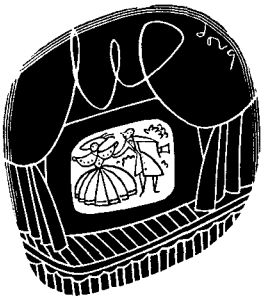
THE NEXT love goddess is to be Claudia Cardinale, according to Alberto Moravia in a recent issue of *Esquire*. She has the necessary matching initials (and can thus lineally succeed MM and BB) and has the kind of mouth, Moravia says, that "longs to bite a fruit and spit out the seeds, or chew on a blade of grass." He also finds her comparable to certain of Michelangelo's female figures. I find her more comparable to certain recent Italian and French female stars—that is, she is a sturdy, well-endowed girl with the kind of sulky expression that often passes for acting, and with the ability to shriek and gesture furiously that also is sometimes confused with acting.

A new Italian film, "**The Girl With the Suitcase,**" gives her the opportunity to display both her figure and her histrionics, as she trots her suitcase from one sordid adventure to another. The girl she plays is a lumpish but good-looking singer and dancer, hoping to make her way from the provincial circuits to the flashier world of the big cities. Any man able to lure her with a line of promises gets her temporary devotion. Valerio Zurlini, the director, is evidently filled with sympathy for the plight of this waif, dreaming of vulgar splendors, and shows her being buffeted about by heartless men, until a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, hoping to atone for his big brother's misuse of her, rather touchingly befriends her.

The story veers onto another tack, and the boy, played by Jacques Perrin, is so fascinated by the splendid derelict that he borrows money, uses his family's charge accounts to clothe her, and eventually follows her to a seaside resort in time to rescue her from further degradation. He even manages to strike a spark of tender humanness from the girl. But all this takes time, too much of it, and while the boy's story has some reality, the girl is essentially a dull, familiar type of the kind we have seen in other movies and played by other candidates for love goddesses. Miss Cardinale is obviously obedient to direction, but much better are Jacques Perrin, and Romolo Valli as an understanding priest.

Another Italian film, "**The Great War,**" carries us back to World War I and, perhaps in an attempt to counteract the impression given of Italian soldiery in "A Farewell to Arms," shows us not only that Italians helped win the First World War, but died as bravely and were slaughtered as patiently as the soldiers of any other country. While the film, in the hands of Mario Monicelli, has no clear-cut directorial flair—seeming modeled at some moments on "Paths of Glory" and at others on "What Price Glory?"—gusto and humor are provided by Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, who, as two rascally enlisted men, manage to save their own skins through what might be called canny cowardice, but are eventually forced, unwittingly and unwillingly, into acts of heroic self-sacrifice.

While it's not a movie to be taken seriously, a lively pace is maintained and the battle scenes are staged ambitiously. There is, as usual, the cliché of a handsome prostitute who stays in business near the front lines, but I doubt that there has ever been as heroic a prostitute as the one played by Sylvano Mangano, who has a whole regiment on her hands and still has time and energy for some interludes with Private Gassman. Yet, because much of the detail has bite and satire, you can't say "The Great War" is a bad movie; it's just that it hardly



seems necessary to have, at this late date, another familiar movie about World War I.

"**The Ninth Circle**" is a Yugoslav film about a Jewish girl in Zagreb who, in order to save her from deportation, is married to the nineteen-year-old son of a Yugoslav family, the friends of her parents. Though they are at first unwillingly tied together, a strong love grows between the two (nicely and believably portrayed) and when at last the girl is captured by Nazis, her husband follows her to the concentration camp, like Orpheus descending into Hades. The parallel is intended, as the eerie climax makes clear. Too obvious melodrama turns a quite tasteful film for much of its length into tasteless exploitation of the horrors of the concentration camps. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

America's Tour Guide

THE director of the first U. S. Travel Service in the history of the United States will be unveiled this fall at a series of conferences and conventions that stretch from Rio to Munich. He is a tall, lanky, short-mowed Carolinian named Voit Gilmore who was born in Winston-Salem in 1918. He talks rapidly, articulately, and animatedly, using soft-textured syllables that are neither as downy as a drawl nor as sharp-edged as a sell. The grip is firm, the look is straight, the energy bubbles, he remembers the name. Gilmore got that way when he first edged into politics at the University of North Carolina, where he was chairman of the Political Union. In that post he tried, with frequent success, to bring politicians and government people of varying political shades to the rostrum at Chapel Hill, where, presumably, they would edify the student body. One who turned him down was the British ambassador. One who accepted was President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Gilmore bagged Roosevelt by getting an appointment with Marvin McIntyre, the Presidential secretary, who was from Asheville, and therefore a member of the close-knit tarheel fraternity. "The President needs to talk to young people," Gilmore told McIntyre. "Well, go in there and tell him yourself," the secretary said. Gilmore walked in the door and after he had made his pitch FDR buzzed McIntyre. "When can I go?" he asked. Good to his word, the President looked in at Chapel Hill on the way home from a Warm Springs visit, was impressed enough with Gilmore to invite him to return with him to Washington and spend a few days at the White House. Gilmore was sitting in the President's office one of those days when the British ambassador was ushered in. FDR introduced the envoy to his friend Mr. Gilmore. "It was," as Gilmore still recalls, "a sweet moment."

More government rubbed off on Gilmore when he got a Rockefeller fellowship and went to Washington as secretary to Senator Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina. Bailey was chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, which handled aviation matters. Gilmore was soon tagged as assistant to the manager of Pan American Airways' Eastern Division. He went to Africa for the airline, became personnel manager in Accra, Khartoum, and Cairo. Pan American was then flying a lifeline,

STRANGE CUSTOMS FOR THE NATIVES

AS OF THIS ISSUE'S DATE, Customs officers all over the country will begin to limit arriving U.S. travelers to the new $100 legal customs-free ceiling, a whopping curtailment from the $500 that has been permitted since shortly after the war. The new bill was pushed very hard by a number of lady writers, financial and general, and also by the President, who was eager to regulate our balance of payments. Unfortunately nobody bothered to take a survey to see how many returning travelers were spending up to the limit. Nor did anyone consider that the regulation might have an adverse reaction among foreign countries at the very time when we are getting our own tourist program underway. We can scarcely ask other countries to lift their limits when we have just lowered ours. And moreover, as the *Wall Street Journal* was saying the other day, "If you take the $400 difference and spend it on that side trip to Scotland, the payments deficit won't be reduced by a nickel."

Anyway, anybody arriving after today will be soaked a fine for bringing in articles worth more than $100, except that if you have been to the Virgin Islands you may bring back $100 worth of goods bought anywhere, plus another $100 worth of things acquired in the Virgin Islands. Unsolicited gift shipments valued at not more than $10 are still permitted. The $100 allowance is permitted every thirty days. Goods that arrive after September 9 fall under the old rules, provided the traveler himself comes into port before the deadline. —H.S.

Do you prefer a luau in Hawaii to a tamaaraa in Tahiti? Ava in Samoa or kava in Fiji? Wherever you go, you'll find laughter and feasting, enchanting surprises in the wonderful world of the Pacific.
In Singapore the fascinating native shows are called Wayangs. In India the festivals of Diwali, Dussehra and Holi are the thing. New Zealand is famed for its ancient Maori dances. And in the Philippines, festivals, dancing and music are a daily affair. The fun is in the Pacific, a world where wonders never cease.

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bringing P-40s and other military supplies to the British.

In 1943, Gilmore got a commission as an ensign in the navy, flew off from Africa to Treasure Island to join the staff of Admiral John W. Reeves, Jr. He flew the Pacific in Navy public relations, at war's end went back with Pan American as public relations director of the Pacific-Alaska Division with headquarters in San Francisco. He stayed there long enough—a year and a half—to marry Kathryn Kendrick, then moved back to Carolina to tend his father's lumber interests and start a family. There are now four junior Gilmores, seven, nine, eleven, and thirteen.

Transferring his inherited lumber interests from Winston-Salem to the resort city of Southern Pines, where he soon was elected mayor, Gilmore became interested in Howard Johnson restaurants. One who had invested in a few of them was Luther Hodges, who had been with Marshall Field for thirty years and at age fifty decided to go into public life. He was a candidate for lieutenant governor when Gilmore first saw him. "He made one thirty-minute speech and I bought him right there." Gilmore also bought a Howard Johnson's franchise, put up one restaurant and lodge in Southern Pines, a second in Winston-Salem, and is currently building a third in Salisbury, North Carolina.

According to Carolina law, a governor may not succeed himself, a fact of life that often limits the program a state executive can implement. But a year and a half after Hodges was elected lieutenant governor, the governor, as Gilmore puts it, "up and took pneumonia and died." Hodges served longer as governor of North Carolina than anyone in this century, some seven years. Says Gilmore, "we moved into orbit together." Along the high-flying path Hodges appointed Gilmore to the Board of Conservation and Development, where his chief interest was the travel and advertising committee. Tourism in a state that produces furniture, textiles, and tobacco rose from eighth to third in the economy.

TOGETHER Gilmore and Hodges cooked up a North Carolina trade mission to Western Europe. As project manager, Gilmore chartered a Pan American plane, got sixty-eight Carolina businessmen to pay their own freight, took them barnstorming across the continent in search of trade and industry.

By now Hodges, as Gilmore explains it, "got up a helluva head of steam." By 1960 he was chairman of Businessmen for Kennedy, a group that soon found Gilmore as co-chairman. Gilmore went to the convention as a delegate. Hodges's name appeared as a likely Secretary of Commerce immediately after the election. The early line was right and Hodges accepted. One of Kennedy's first moves was to implement the "Visit the USA" program which had been proclaimed by Eisenhower during 1960, but which had gotten off to a dismal start. It was revealed that the nation was suffering from a severe shortage of gold which could be balanced either by restricting foreign travel by U.S. nationals or encouraging foreigners to come here. It was in this post-election temperature that the Congress voted to establish a federal department of travel—a bill the House had let die the year before—under the Department of Commerce. Hodges, as secretary of that department, was back in the travel business and he reached for his first assistant.

Traveler Gilmore — "We've got the green light!"

SOMETHING of a gadabout, Gilmore found time among his mayoralty duties, his committeeship for North Carolina's travel program, his Howard Johnson restaurants, and his father's lumber interests to buzz off to the poles as a correspondent for Southern dailies. He's been to the South Pole twice, the North Pole once, and in 1958 he visited both poles in the same year. Hodges kids him about these trips but Gilmore says he aims to bring the Secretary down to the South Pole soon, perhaps when they go to Sydney to open a U.S. travel office.

The appointment of a Southerner as head of the first United States Travel Service at the very period of Africa's emergence and of strained race

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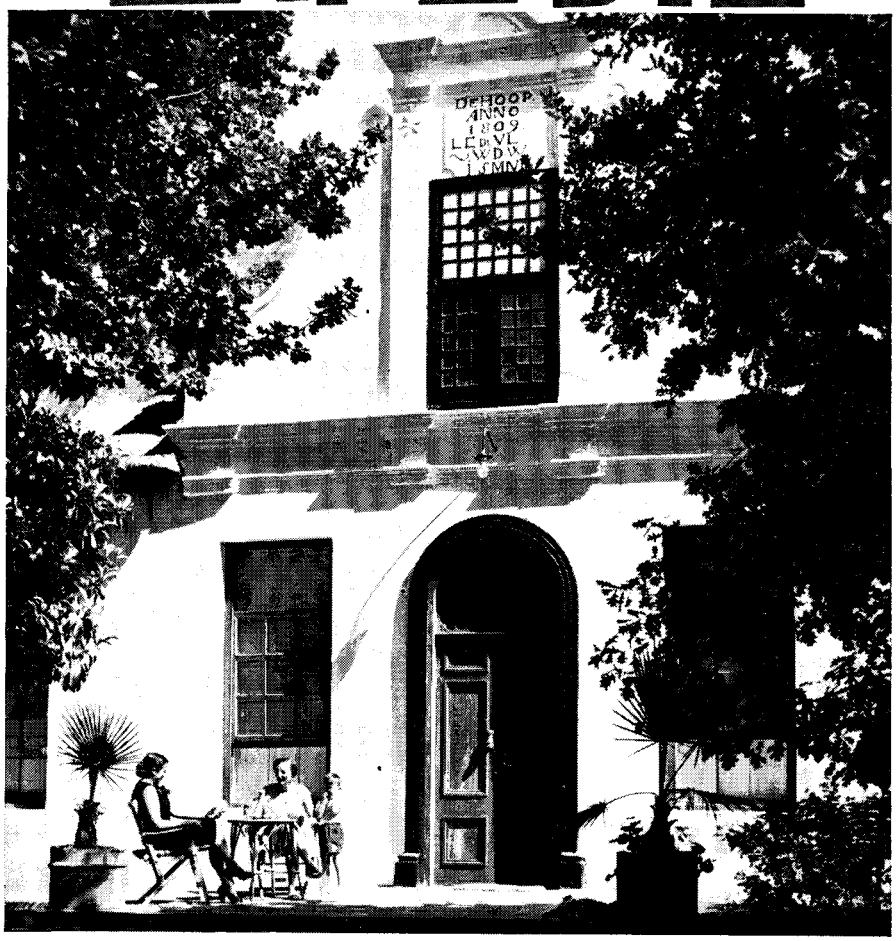
relations in the U.S. South brought outspoken criticism both in travel circles and in Washington. Gilmore points out that in his days as mayor he welcomed the election of a Negro to the town council in Southern Pines, that Negroes possessed of the same social graces as the whites who eat and sleep there are admitted freely to his Howard Johnson lodges. While not suggesting a some-of-my-best-friends apologia, Gilmore does like to recall that one of the first persons he hired for Pan American in Accra was a Gold Coast native named Edwin Michael Kitson-Mills, to whom he still sends *Life International* each year as a Christmas present. To celebrate Ghana's independence, Kitson-Mills sent him a 200-pound African elephant carved out of a mahogany stump. In race relations Gilmore feels he follows the enlightened principles of his patron, the Secretary of Commerce.

"We want to see this job done in a businesslike manner," he says. "I am a businessman and that's the only way I know how to do it. It is a helluva inconvenience to live in Washington. I am also taking a substantial loss in income. The day it becomes insufferable I'll go back to North Carolina."

UNTIL then, Gilmore is working to motivate the first U.S. tourist program, which, he thinks, is "the greatest way the U.S. has to sell the Western point of view to the world." He will travel to the National Association of Travel Officials meeting in Jackson Hole in Wyoming, to the Inter-American Travel Congress in Rio, to a global meeting of governmental tourist directors in Munich, and to the American Society of Travel Agents World Travel Congress in Cannes. As plans stand now, he will open six offices to sell foreigners on traveling to the U.S. He agrees in the same breath that the effort is puny compared with that of the Russians, who have ten offices plus scores of agents. The six will be in London, Paris, Frankfurt, Caracas, Sydney, and Tokyo. These six were chosen because they now provide most travelers to the U.S. Thereafter he has plans for São Paulo and Mexico City.

Gilmore's other problem will be to get the fusty barriers removed from our consulates abroad, grace the U.S. gateways with welcome smiles instead of Customs' growls. There will be a continuing series of interdepartmental meetings, and, if that doesn't work, Gilmore's department plans to send camouflaged "Frenchmen" and "Italians" through the visa, customs, and immigration mill to see what is going wrong. Says he: "We've got the green light from Mr. Kennedy and we're going to go." —HORACE SUTTON.

EXPLORE



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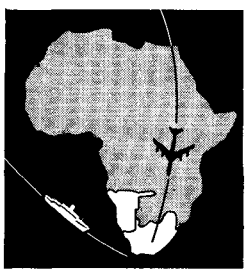

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Book in the News

Continued from page 18

cerned about the enforced conformity of intellectuals and scientists. He rightly points out that freedom in our sense has a different meaning for different people; certainly the vast majority of Chinese are not cognizant of Western-style civil liberties. The material side is being taken care of, and this for them is what matters. Public health standards, for instance, have vastly improved. Mr. Greene duly notes the statistics—the dramatic lowering of the infant mortality rate, the impressive fight against smallpox and other diseases—and attributes these largely to the prudent employment of doctors of traditional Chinese medicine while more hospitals are being built and more doctors are being schooled in modern methods. But little attention is paid to a shotgun marriage which could have dire results in terms of scientific progress. Western-trained doctors are themselves compelled to study traditional medicine, an aspect of the fervor that has seized hold—a passionate belief that Chinese methods are often holy, that Chinese capacity is unlimited, that the Chinese Communist Party is the sole dispenser of magic power. The expert or scientist, in other words, is only half formed without the proper political faith; given the faith, however, all things are possible.

I cite the experience of doctors only as a sample. Again on the material side, chemists and physicists have access to some of the most up-to-date and comprehensive libraries in the world; but there is a defined limit on how far they can safely discuss new concepts not only among themselves but with the occasional specialist who visits from a foreign country.

MR. GREENE is not especially repelled by this limitation, and perhaps it is just as well. He has set out, as he announces early on, to get the "feel" of the land in the big sense, its feverish sense of strength and possibility, the dedication of the young people, the patriotic pride and hopes for the future. And this he has done admirably well. To illustrate the "leap forward": China is now the second largest producer of coal in the world; in machine tools she has surpassed Britain and Germany; in iron and steel she will soon be ahead of all but the United States and the Soviet Union. But these again are statistics and they come far short of the main point of "Awakened China," that China is going ahead with an incredible speed accelerated by the energy and devotion of her own people, who are becoming at once an awesome and an isolated nation. The isolation, of course, is inflicted by the United States, which still, naïvely and pathetically, assumes that Mao Tse-tung cannot possibly speak for the majority of 700,000,000 souls.

Mr. Greene quotes a typically revealing Chinese viewpoint: "We are the oldest country in the world, but we are much younger than you. We are like you when you started America, still able to thrill to new ideas . . . But you do not thrill anymore, you Americans! You have lost your capacity to believe." This philosophical-ideological discourse expands into a blunt warning that our way of life is finished while Communism is on the move. But the message is even more immediate. If we are to understand the true nature of the forces in the world, we must begin with a willingness to believe a few simple facts; and one of them, as unpleasant as it must appear to many Americans, is that to understand what is happening in Communist China is not necessarily to condone it. Mr. Greene has the final word: "Understanding, sanity, and perhaps human survival, too, can be sought only by looking at facts, not by ignoring them."

All Eyes on the Eagle

"American Diplomacy in a New Era," edited by Stephen D. Kertesz *(University of Notre Dame Press. 568 pp. $10), assembles the opinions of a number of specialists on how the U.S. has been filling its new role as a world power. Joachim Remak, whose special field is diplomatic history, teaches at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon.*

By Joachim Remak

THERE are times when one feels that the Great Seal of the United States ought to be redesigned. Instead of holding on to olive branch and arrows, the American eagle might use one claw to cover his eyes, and the other to beat his breast in perpetual motion, with the words *Mea Culpa* writ large, surrounding the new composition.

Consider the facts. At the end of the Second World War the United States, abruptly and to its own surprise, found itself one of the world's two great powers. It would not have been strange at all if the United States had bungled the role imposed upon it; instead, it really has played the part like a professional. There has been no return to isolationism like that after 1919. There have been purpose and continuity in American foreign policy no matter which party was in charge. Above all, the United States has two remarkable successes to its credit: Europe, at the brink of ruin in 1945, today is rebuilt and more prosperous than ever, thanks in no small degree to American aid. Communism, where the lines were clearly drawn as in Europe and Korea, has been contained. The dike has held, and its foundations are American-built.

Yet the book on American postwar diplomacy that has sold more copies than any other is "The Ugly American," in which the eagle is bloody from breast-beating. And in the present volume, out of twenty essays dealing with American foreign relations and the organizational problems of our diplomacy since 1945, there is only one which stresses that—no matter how large the room for criticism—the overall balance is plainly favorable. That one essay, incidentally, is by a foreigner—Professor J. B. Duroselle of the Centre d'Etudes Internationales in Paris.

This summing up is not entirely fair. For one thing, the contributors to Professor Stephen Kertesz's volume, scholars all, have held no hands over their eyes. For another, some of the more specialized contributions do contain occasional words of cheer: Professor Chitoshi Yanaga of Yale feels that American policy toward Japan was essentially successful; Professor Ernest S. Griffith of the American University praises the intelligence with which Congress has approached foreign affairs; and John C. Campbell of the Council on Foreign Relations, in his chapter on the satellite nations, reminds us that the Soviets are no supermen either, and are bothered by considerable difficulties of their own.

Besides, the volume was not intended to serve as rebuttal to "The Ugly American" but as a scholarly compendium. How well it has succeeded in this purpose is not entirely easy to say, since the quality of the contributions differs rather wildly. Professor Kertesz, one feels, must be a very kindly man; he certainly has been an exceedingly permissive editor. The most disappointing chapters perhaps are those dealing with the Foreign Service Institute and with "Who Determines Our Foreign Policy." The failure of the latter chapter is par-

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ticularly unfortunate; with the U-2 incident and Cuban disaster still fresh in our minds, few questions could be of greater urgency than whose counsels on foreign affairs carry the most weight with the White House—those of the State Department, the Pentagon, or the CIA. Professor Kertesz's own occasional comments on the topic are excellent, but in the chapter devoted to the issue we are given no answers, and the startling collection of wholly irrelevant quotations to which we are treated instead makes a poor consolation.

HOWEVER, few other chapters are as unrewarding. Little new ground is broken, and even the most patient of readers will tire of being told so solemnly and frequently that the times he lives in are "dynamic," but most of the essays—on Congress, on America's participation in the U.N., on American relations with various parts of the world—are solid and informative. Dr. William Gerber's chapter on the various reorganizations of the State Department strikes a happy balance between detail and compactness, but he is not alone in this achievement. And two of the contributions are outstanding. One is Professor Hans J. Morgenthau's highly arguable but beautifully reasoned critique of American foreign policy, in which among other things he attacks our indiscriminate "collector's approach to alliances," with its emphasis on the sheer number of allies rather than on the purpose of each alliance. The other is that of Professor Fred Greene of Williams College, who analyzes the impact of recent military developments on foreign relations. His most original suggestion, perhaps, is that John Foster Dulles's policy of massive retaliation was born of necessity rather than of choice: the United States at the time simply found itself long on strategic and short on tactical weapons. But the entire essay is recommended most warmly to anyone at all interested in foreign affairs; it is a brilliant description of how the technological innovations of our age are affecting the conduct of diplomacy.

One dividend, finally, of Mr. Kertesz's tolerance as an editor is the freedom given to his contributors to disagree among each other. Kertesz, for example, sees NATO as an entirely new and different kind of alliance, while Morgenthau cites his reasons for not so viewing it. Morgenthau, in turn, sees trouble in treating, or in pretending to treat, all one's allies as equals; Greene thinks the policy has served us well and that in fact, wherever the issues were vital, we did assert ourselves. There are several other disagreements of this kind, and they make a profitable dividend indeed. Breast-beating, after all, soon becomes a dull sort of exercise; informed argument does not.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

COUNTDOWN

ICBMs, Polarises, Titans, Snarks—these have all entered our vocabulary, together with the title term of this space-age exercise. Fourteen writers take you down to the blast-off point. Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, asks you to sort out them and their digital titles. Answers on page 50.

1. "Fourteen for Tonight" ( ) Mary Stewart
2. "The Thirteen Clocks" ( ) Marchette Chute
3. "The Twelve Pictures" ( ) John O'Hara
4. "Eleven Blue Men" ( ) Margaret Sidney
5. "Ten North Frederick" ( ) Isak Dinesen
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7. "Eight Cousins" ( ) Nadine Gordimer
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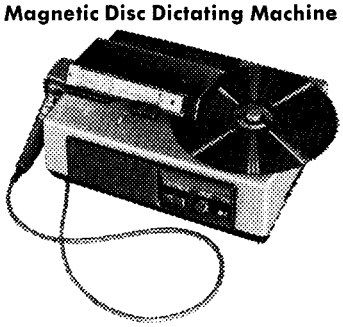

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Sound and Symbol

"A Charm of Words," by Eric Partridge *(Macmillan. 190 pp. $3), follows language in its pursuit of the ever-changing reality it seeks to convey. Virgilia Peterson tells in "A Matter of Life and Death," her forthcoming autobiography, about the fascination that words have always held for her.*

By Virgilia Peterson

"IN ETYMOLOGY," writes the distinguished Briton, Eric Partridge, "it is better to travel than to arrive." That in his professional reputation this authority on the origins and meanings of words has long since arrived is obvious. But, as Mr. Partridge makes abundantly clear in the brief excursions into the labyrinth of language that make up this book of essays, there is no end to the etymological journey, and whoever sets forth on it should know from the start that a lifetime is not long enough to complete it.

The very use of the word "charm" in Mr. Partridge's title betrays the kind of imagination that only a language detective would be likely to have, for "charm" does not mean in his context enchantment (though this would be apt enough) but rather, in a sense of the word that goes back to the sixteenth century, "the blended singing or noise of many birds." A more fitting title for this collection of essays even Mr. Partridge would have been hard put to it to find. Ranging, as he points out in his foreword, from "the slight" to the "rather more solid," they start out like a murmuration of starlings and end with a peroration about the ideal qualities of an etymologist so lyrical that it suggests an exaltation of larks.

Etymology, Mr. Partridge takes pains to establish, is both a science and an art. But it did not begin to flower as a science till the latter part of the eighteenth century, with the acquisition of enough knowledge of all the old and new languages needed for a comparative study of their interrelationship across time and space. Before that the subject had been so speculative that Voltaire is supposed to have defined it as "a science in which the consonants are of very little importance, and the vowels of none at all." Today, however, to judge by Mr. Partridge's many examples of word derivations, consonants and vowels, alone or combined, have as much and sometimes more importance in tracing words from one language to another than the meaning these sounds embed.

Although the author claims that his "charm of words" is intended, not for scholars, but simply for intelligent folk, his references to almost all the Indo-European languages and his algebraic use of etymological symbols make one wonder how he defines the lay mind. It is not exactly automatic, for instance, though undoubtedly fascinating, to follow him in his careful footsteps as he traces the word "babe" from Swedish, through Albanian, Cornish and Welsh, Middle High German, Lithuanian, Russian, Bulgarian and Serbian, Greek and Latin, all the way to Iranian, Sanskrit, and possibly Tatar to show how closely related is "babe" to "barbarian." Nor, perhaps, can the layman altogether appreciate the author's obvious delight in proving that, although historically we (and in that "we" he seems to include the flattered reader) expect the word "elephant" to be Indo-European rather than, say, Burmese, it may well belong to the "Egyptian (-Coptic)-Sanskrit? Hebrew group" (sic) and that the two elements of which the word is compounded would probably have meant to an ancient Semite conversant with Hamitic or to an ancient Hamite conversant with Semitic "the elephant-elephant."

However, much as Mr. Partridge enjoys his arboreal gymnastics as he swings from ramification to ramification of these family trees of words, the book is by no means confined to them. Quite a number of his essays are less technical and hence easier for the lay mind he so charitably overestimates to grasp. There is a charming little piece about the fact that punctuation is not an enemy but a friend; an interesting investigation of underworld terminology, showing how language often develops from below; a listing of clichés (rather more typically English than American) to be avoided at any cost; and a bold attack on such jargons as commercialese, journalese, and psychoanalytic terminology, as well as on what, being himself devoutly British, he calls Americanisms, all of which Mr. Partridge considers dangerously contaminating to standard, educated speech. Also included among the essays are handsome tributes to his fellow-luminaries in the etymological firmament—Henry Watson Fowler and H. L. Mencken.

HERE and there, and inevitably, Mr. Partridge reveals an asperity that seems to go hand-in-hand with real scholarship, as when he pauses in a dissertation on the Celtic language to note that the number of British chairs in Celtic (especially in the "Dominions") "would disgrace the seating accommodations in the foyer of a third-rate hotel." But by and large, he displays himself more sprightly than acerb, and in his most rewarding passages, a true philosopher of the word. "It is well to remember," he says, speaking of the basic and universal ideas that so many words convey, "that objects, hence objects-as-ideas, precede the words that pin-point and render generally available those ideas, hence those objects. . . . Language," he continues, "always lags behind reality and always it is trying—sometimes quite desperately—to catch up. . . ." Once this particular idea of language hotly pursuing reality takes hold in the reader's mind, Mr. Partridge's accounts of the changes in a single word from language to language and age to age seem to move out of the realm of science and into that germinal realm of the imagination which is art.

Inherent in all he says, though he does not spell it out, is the fictitiousness of language frontiers. In a world bristling with consciousness of national and racial differences, it is vastly comforting to see Mr. Partridge stretch across it this web of words so similar in sound and in the ideas and images they stand for. No greater proof could exist, since proof apparently is needed, of the common dreams, desires, hopes, and comprehensions that bind mankind together.

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PROFESSIONALLY PERSONAL: Sydney J. Harris, syndicated columnist for the Chicago *Daily News*, is in the dwindling tradition of the newspaper essayist—dwindling for one reason, perhaps, because writing a personal column is surely the toughest of newspaper assignments. The sports writer, the theatre critic, the political pundit—all have the protective covering of a specialized subject matter; if a smattering of wit peeps through, it is highly regarded more for the rarity than for its quality. But the personal columnist is supposed to be clever on purpose, every day, in time for the early editions, and he has only himself to draw on. Looking backward, one can find very few personal columnists whose efforts have outlived the newspaper editions in which they appeared: Heywood Broun, whose moral indignation was coupled with a matchless facility for writing something about nothing; Finley Peter Dunne, whose epigrams transcended their pretexts; Don Marquis, who fabricated an elusive charm that is still durable.

"**Last Things First**" (Houghton Mifflin, $4), Mr. Harris's latest collection, illustrates the perils of the profession. Most of the opinions in these 338 pages are certainly sound, and the author (an enlightened citizen and a self-confessed disciple of the home study course in Great Books) usually finds himself on the side of the angels, whether it be in the cause of good grammar or the good life. But a column that might elicit an appreciative nod from the hasty reader of an evening newspaper does not inspire the same empathy in the leisurely reader of a book. To make the transition from the topical to the permanent, an essay requires an ingredient beyond mere opinion; it demands style—an interesting way of saying interesting things—and style is not Mr. Harris's forte.

On the jacket Mr. Harris is variously likened to Oscar Wilde, to an "up-to-date gray flannel version of H. L. Mencken," to "a current and modernized Charles Lamb-William Hazlitt-like casual essayist," to "a reincarnation of Socrates in a 20th century body." A closer likeness would be to Arthur Brisbane, a stand-up, no-nonsense columnist of an earlier day. Like Brisbane, who never tired of telling his readers that a gorilla could whip Jack Dempsey, Mr. Harris is fond of driving home the obvious. Brisbane never wound up as a classic. But he owned a helluva lot of real estate. There are worse fates.

—Martin Levin.

BALLET OF DEATH: The reigning priest for the English-speaking fan of the *corrida de toros* is San Francisco's Barnaby Conrad, whose "**Encyclopedia of Bullfighting**" (Houghton Mifflin, $10) defines every known pass with the *muleta* and *capote*. The imaginatively illustrated volume is a treasure house of tauromachian history, lore, technique, and personalities. Stellar examples of the last are Eduardo Solórzano (left) shown with his swordboy, and Antonio Ordóñez (below) executing a characteristic *rebolera*.

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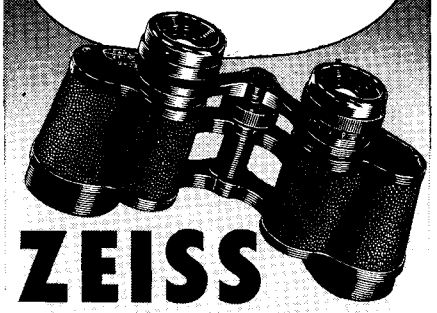

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES

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Editorial

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agency to try to find some way to end the arms race before the arms race ends the human race. The bill is sponsored by a bipartisan group of Senators, with Senator Hubert Humphrey as a leading spokesman. President Kennedy, through his Secretary of State, has given full support to the bill. Former President Eisenhower has termed its passage vital and urgent. John J. McCloy, at present a special advisor on disarmament to the President, and one of America's most distinguished citizens, has testified fully in favor of the bill. Leading members of both parties in Congress have joined in backing the measure.

Yet there is danger that the bill will not pass. Why? Because it is feared that the American people are not really interested in anything having to do with disarmament. Indeed, one Congressman has said the people don't really understand there is nothing inconsistent in pursuing disarmament efforts even as the nation adds to its arms. Another Congressman has expressed doubts that the bill would pass in view of the fact that he has had no indication of interest in it by his constituents, and he said the same holds true for other Congressmen.

Here, then, is a good place to begin in answering the question: "What can I do?" You have the power to establish a separate Disarmament Agency for World Peace and Security, with a budget of its own and a staff of its own. Such an agency will not by itself create peace among nations or peace in the troubled human soul. But it is at least a step in a new and good direction. No more important problem exists in the world than to bring modern weapons under control. The crises over Cuba, the Congo, Laos, and Berlin—all lumped together—would not equal the crisis we will face when China develops its nuclear capacity and when atomic weapons will be bought and sold in the arms marts of the world.

An American disarmament agency by itself cannot head off all these developments. But what it can do is to enable the United States to attack the problem in a much more effective way than it has ever been able to do before, when our official efforts in that direction seemed improvised and insubstantial. The most vital problem in the world calls for more than a part-time response.

To repeat: It is doubtful if the Disarmament Agency bill will pass Congress without at least a minor public clamor. The individual who is concerned can help create such a clamor. A dozen letters or telegrams or phone calls to your representatives in both houses of Congress; a discussion with friends that might result in several dozen more of the same; a spirited exchange in the letters columns of newspapers—this is what is now needed. If it sounds too easy for someone who is thinking in sacrificial terms, then he has only to take on the letter-writing and telephoning of ten men. It is worth it.

—N.C.

The Beginning of Understanding

THE TECHNOLOGICAL REALITIES of this competition [the arms race] are constantly changing from month to month and from year to year. Are we to flee like haunted creatures from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, cowering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worth while to live at all?

If I thought that this was the best the future held for us, I should be tempted to join those who say "Let us divest ourselves of this weapon altogether; let us stake our safety on God's grace and our own good consciences and on that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess; but then let us at least walk like men, with our heads up, so long as we are permitted to walk at all."

We must not forget that this is actually the situation in which many of the peoples of this world are obliged to live today; and while I would not wish to say that they are now more secure than we are, for the fact that they do not hold these weapons, I would submit that they are more secure than we would be if we were to resign ourselves entirely to the negative dynamics of the weapons race, as many would have us do.

The beginning of understanding rests, in this appalling problem, with the recognition that the weapon of mass destruction is a sterile and hopeless weapon which may for a time serve as an answer of sorts to itself and as an uncertain sort of shield against utter cataclysm, but which cannot in any way serve the purposes of a constructive and hopeful foreign policy. The true end of political action is, after all, to affect the deeper convictions of men; this the atomic bomb cannot do. The suicidal nature of this weapon renders it unsuitable both as a sanction of diplomacy and as the basis of an alliance. Such a weapon is simply not one with which one can usefully support political desiderata; nor is it one with which one readily springs to the defense of one's friends. There can be no coherent relations between such weapons and the normal objects of national policy. A defense posture built around a weapon suicidal in its implications can serve in the long run only to paralyze national policy, to undermine alliances, and to drive everyone deeper and deeper into the hopeless exertions of the weapons race.

—GEORGE F. KENNAN, in "Russia, the Atom and the West."

On Accepting the Gold Watch

By Hollis Summers

I HAVE admired the marks of many men
Who, quitting, scrawled these office walls
With King's X, Nix, and Foul.
And often I planned to hand my resignation
To all of you, naming you the world.

Yet here among this office furniture
I know I leave too many fingerprints
On fabric, flesh, and document
Now to stand among you claiming either
The luxury of amnesia or innocence.

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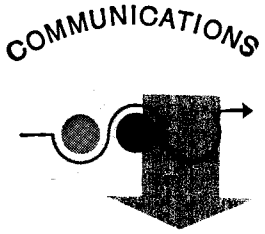
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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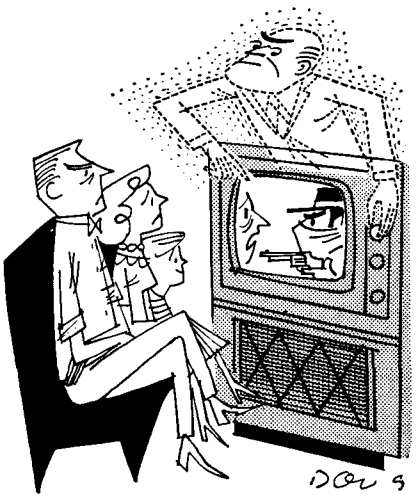

The Tyranny of the Local TV Station

IN A RECENT speech at Northwestern University, Fairfax Cone related a pathetic tale of attempts by Foote, Cone & Belding, the large advertising agency of which he is executive committee chairman, to procure some sort of national audience for a client (Hallmark) who had wisely sponsored a magnificent TV production of "Macbeth." The agency did pretty well along the East and West Coasts but when it plunged into the South, especially Texas, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and much of the Middle West, it couldn't get local clearance in some thirty leading cities or "markets." This wasn't a sustaining show, mind you; Fairfax Cone's big agency, which handles as much commercial television as any other, was more than willing to pay—and pay very well—for local clearances. But, Mr. Cone reported, the tyranny of local station owners over what is "allowed" into America's living rooms successfully triumphed once more despite the fact that these cities were, as Mr. Cone put it, "ordered by my company" in behalf of a client with a superior product and a superior TV show to advertise it.

The fact that "Macbeth" eventually won half a dozen top TV awards would have cut no ice with these local Caesars, for the owners and managers of many local TV stations in America are apparently immune to pressure from the networks themselves, from the social mirror of their own communities, from critical evaluation of programs, even from the governmental agency that licenses them. Indeed, that's what Chairman Minow of the FCC had in mind when he asked recently that any hearing for renewal of a TV license be held whenever possible on local ground so hometown viewers could speak their minds on just such items as refusal to show top-flight documentaries, splendid productions like "Macbeth," good music, and the other so-called cultural offerings so pitifully rare at best on the most potentially powerful mass medium the world has ever known. Harriet Van Horne, the intrepid Scripps-Howard columnist who tipped us off to this nonsense, said it mighty well for all of us:

"Can the television industry ever be persuaded that its place in our society ought to be—and could be—a lofty and honorable one? That it has, indeed, a grander mission than to 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer'? It's a question troubling many thoughtful people."

So we began to make our own survey of this rejection of quality. The appalling results amply justify the indictment. Here's the way things work, and you can see very quickly that the networks are, for once, not the villains in this piece.

There are 540 U.S. commercial television stations and these stations break down into 272 TV "markets." Of these 272 TV markets, 132 (or almost half) are served by a single station, and 69 more by only two stations. Since there are three TV networks (NBC, CBS, and ABC), the power of selecting which programs shall be seen by viewers in a monopoly area lies almost wholly with the judgment of a local television station manager, or its owner. He may have contracts with all three networks, so he can show all the Westerns and brutal gangster shows and

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hackneyed situation humor he wishes and never once "allow" his local TV viewers a solitary peak at something as good as "Meet the Press," "Macbeth," the Leonard Bernstein concerts, the spendid network documentaries, the new and exciting public service programs, or the magnificent Esso series, Shakespeare's "Age of Kings." Only fifty-four U.S. markets are covered by three TV stations and only seventeen markets are served by four or more stations, areas where a viewer can switch dials if disgusted. Approximately 80 per cent of the entire U.S. TV audience can, incidentally, be reached through the top 125 basic markets, which were what Fairfax Cone was aiming at.

Naturally, with differing time zones and program requirements, stations take some TV programs on a delayed basis (especially the Western stations) rather than as live shows. What irritates the TV department of Foote, Cone & Belding is that in many cases local tyranny dictates that no one shall see a splendid production *even on a delayed basis*, for which there is no excuse at all, not even the stock excuse that such TV is too highbrow.

TV stations in this country are licensed by the Federal Government and presumably allowed so to function only as long as they operate in the public interest. Apparently, a great many do not recognize this obligation, nor their obligation to the networks, to carry a superior program or two. When an agency or network tries time and again to get local clearance in prime areas for quality commercial television and is continually turned down, even on the basis of a delayed broadcast, the onus of responsibility for better programs and higher regard for the medium cannot be avoided by the local TV station manager or owner. Wherever in this country the local market is served by only one or two TV stations, the obligation of the monopoly increases proportionately and local program tyranny simply cannot be tolerated. Here the matter of federal license renewal becomes an acute public question and local dictators had soon better be aware of it.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Introducing New By-Liner

Donald I. Rogers, business and financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, writes a syndicated column on Wall Street and a book every now and then, the most famous of which is the best-seller "Teach Your Wife to be a Widow." He comes from New England and now lives in Douglaston, L. I.

Letters to the Communications Editor

NOT SO OLD-TIMER

I read most of the trade journals in the field, and I must admit that I was a bit skeptical about the need for a Communications Section in *SR* when I saw the first announcement of the new department. Now, having read every line of each of your sections so far, I shall feel that I have missed something worth-while if I fail to get my copy of *SR*.

I enjoyed, particularly, among every line of the July department, Richard L. Tobin's editorial, "The Linotype—and the Free Press." However, I object to the statement that "a few old ex-printers still remember the lower case"—because I feel that you have prematurely aged me beyond my forty-six years. I am one of those ex-printers who still remember the case, but please do not make me a contemporary of Ottmar Mergenthaler.

W. R. Grubb.

Westport, Conn.

"READING BY EAR"

A word of comment on the article by John Tebbel, "Rise of the Talking Book" [*SR*, Aug. 12].

I have but recently retired as one of the Regional Librarians under the Library of Congress program of serving the blind of the country, and have in one way or another been concerned with communications for the blind for thirty years. In justice, several comments should be made on Mr. Tebbel's article, concerning facts that might not have appeared on the surface of the notes used by him.

1. The pioneer work on Talking Books was done at the American Foundation for the Blind in New York City and picked up for national use by the Library of Congress.

2. The "3,000 titles" may not be *too* accurate as so many titles are no longer usable, but the Library of Congress *has* lately done a fine job. But I especially call your attention to the fact that in no case does the Library of Congress use volunteer readers but only the finest trained voices, outstanding among which is that of Alexander Scourby, a stage and TV actor of note. The "volunteer reading" is done on textbooks for the National Recording for the Blind, which has many thousands of texts and classics available to anyone.

3. As full information has not yet been made public by the Library of Congress, they would not want to tell all their plans for possible advanced types of tapes for the future. But the possibilities for the blind that will be made available to the general public are very great, and some of the workers in the field feel that as the service to the general public grows, the need for specialized libraries for the blind may be less important.

4. As to the question of "psychological needs" being met by these books, I do not know; but my work with the blind suggests that they may be. The dependence on and satisfactions in the voice of Alexander Scourby among blind people is something you would not believe unless you had been a librarian.

5. There are many negative aspects to "being read to," I'm quite certain, but mechanical sounds are surely here to stay and the future of the Talking Book for *all* is very great, greater indeed than I think Mr. Tebbel realizes.

Nelson Coon.

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

The blind child reads Braille at the rate of 40 to 90 words a minute; the adult reads 80 to 120 words. The Talking Book makes it possible for them to receive information at the rate of 175 words and at no loss in comprehension. This time-saving is not to be dismissed lightly. Even the Talking Book leaves the blind scholar with a tremendous disadvantage because his sighted colleague is reading twice as fast and even the average high school student is receiving, if not integrating, printed material at a more rapid rate.

Ray H. Bixler,
University of Louisville.

Louisville, Ky.

OLD FRIEND, NEW FRIEND

I protest—sight unseen—any change in my dear *Saturday Evening Post* [*SR*, Aug. 12].

Where, if the *Post* gives up its picture covers, will we find anything to laugh about?

No more Norman Rockwell?

So the *Post* would have come out for Kennedy. Now I shall have to look elsewhere for my politics.

Will there be any more Gardner, Margery Sharp?

I feel as if a friend had died.

Madeleine N. Bradbury.

East Orange, N. J.

Editor's note: *We didn't say that the Post would give up its delightful Americana picture covers, and we know for a fact that Norman Rockwell will still be a top Post feature.*

STORM OVER COOLEY

Dean Cooley's article on illiterate lawyers [*SR*, Aug. 12] failed to give sufficient emphasis to the most serious aspect of the situation.

The appalling fact is that few of them

(*Continued on page* 49)

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WHY FIGURES DO LIE ON THE FINANCIAL PAGE

By DONALD I. ROGERS

WHEN he was Vice President, Henry Wallace criticized government economists by describing them as dodo birds committed by nature forever to fly backward so that they always know where they have been but never know where they are going, a statement which, in some areas of economic analysis, would seem to apply even more aptly today.

New investors find it hard to understand, for instance, why there should be such widespread excitement in Wall Street when the Dow Jones Rail Average bursts through to a new high. Rails are most certainly a key industry in the United States and necessary for the Republic's survival, but they hardly constitute a significant measure in a stock market that devotes 99 per cent of its interest to other, more modern industries.

Similarly, those analysts who watch the weekly figures on car loadings—a figure that reports with fair accuracy the number of freight cars used by the railroads in the preceding seven days—are regarded by market newcomers as being rather ridiculous when they credit these statistics with having any serious effect on either the economy or the stock market. For freight movement by rail is far overshadowed by freight haulage by truck, and figures for trucks are not compiled.

Even the august, irreproachable figures of the Gross National Product are suspect, for they are incomplete and lag by many weeks.

The Cost of Living Index, compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is no longer considered an accurate measure save by those unions that have contracts calling for adjustments based upon its figures. The "typical" American family represented in this index pays no taxes, buys clothes for its children once every five years, and has a family that never grows up. As any non-statistician knows, there's a remarkable difference between the tuition required for college and that demanded by accredited kindergartens.

In the summer of 1960, the country was about to slip into a short but disturbing recession. Businessmen were beginning to cut back inventories and postpone spending for new plants and equipment, and the unemployed were a few short weeks away from a serious problem as benefits were exhausted.

Yet there remained, right up until the recession struck, a general feeling of optimism about the economic outlook. Why? The indices were optimistic. The figures looked good.

The Commerce Department's Gross National Product, for instance, had risen in the spring quarter to a record high. The equally-respected Federal Reserve Board index of monthly industrial output had jumped up sharply in June. What could be bigger league, what could have more class, than these two measures?

When the recession did hit, it doubtlessly caused more unhappiness and economic damage than it might have, had the indicators functioned properly. It burst like a hurricane whose existence had been unheralded and, indeed, unknown. Men were thrown out of work with little advance notice. Manufacturers and investors who had taken comfort from the indices reeled under a rude shock. The monitors and policymakers, the Federal Reserve and Treasury, were caught curbing the economy against inflation at the very time when, more likely, they should have been devising some form of stimulation.

Certainly it is clear that our major indices have two calamitous faults: 1) they lack sensitivity and fail to respond properly, and 2) we have increasing difficulty interpreting them.

This is not a new criticism, or, for that matter, a new problem. For the more than forty years that we have been using business barometers or stock market indicators, the records show a great many instances of misinterpretation. To cite a ready example, the crash of 1929 and the ensuing depression resulted in such a clamor for better statistics that many indices were revamped. A great number of them are the ones we now use and which, in 1961, are misleading us again.

What the statistics reveal to us depends on our ability to interpret them. Of the seven most quoted barometers, three are already indexed (by comparing current activity with that of a "base year" or years) and there is pressure for indexing several others. No one really knows whether this is valuable, though most leading statisticians will fight to defend the practice.

Statistical measurements of production, employment or spending always have been and probably always will be a little shaky, simply because not even every trained economist can look at a set of numbers and read them exactly the same way. There is, of course, no gainsaying the fact that the best economists are making some progress segregating indices into groupings, if somewhat esoteric ones, according to whether they appear to lead, coincide with, or lag behind shifts in general business.

THE concern here is not with differences in interpretation but of inadequacies in the statistics themselves. Many simply lack the responsiveness to measure whatever it was they were invented to measure. The reasons for this, far from being simple, are rooted deep in our changing patterns of manufacture, distribution, and spending. The criticism applies to nearly every major index in use today, including the two biggest ones, the Gross National Product and the Federal Reserve's index of industrial output. Each measure, each index, each set of statistics has its weakness. Some, however, like the unemployment statistics and the Consumer Price Index are shakier than others and should, in my opinion, be suspect.

With the Consumer Price Index we do not even know how wrong the published figure is, simply because it takes into account too many types of

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prices to permit a system for effective sampling and cross-checking. A survey of spending and buying habits is now under way in thirty-eight cities in an attempt to correct this weakness. In the case of unemployment, the problem is a little different. We have means of cross-checking, but the way the figures are compiled in the first place makes it doubtful if, in fact, we end up measuring total unemployment at all.

To illustrate: Right up through the spring of 1957, the Bureau of Census's unemployment index remained at a not alarming 4 per cent, but the economy was easing into a recession in which, we now know, unemployment had already begun to play an important part at the time the bland figures were being compiled and published. The index, it turns out, was disabled chiefly because in the preceding two years total non-farm employment rose 4 per cent but only because of a 15 per cent jump in employment of professionals, chiefly engineers. (Remember, we were building up our electronic industry at the time.) Total manufacturing employment actually rose only 2 per cent. The index was further hobbled by the fact that worker productivity had lagged more than output: private non-farm output per man hour went up but 1.4 per cent, against a 5.3 per cent gain in the preceding twelve months.

The index's productivity component, however, was more sensitive to output changes in terms of man-hours than in terms of output *per* man hour; but the steady substitution of salaried employees for hourly workers had placed greater importance on fluctuations in output per man hour.

SINCE then the index has been revised to handle this kind of situation. But new problems keep cropping up. The index goofed again a year ago, this time in trying to define precisely which persons not working should be numbered among the "unemployed." Some don't work because they don't want to work. "Unemployed" are those who want to but can't.

The way the index was handled in Washington, the index rose by some 1,000,000 persons between May and June, swelling to 5 per cent of the total work force. Alarming! Yet this increase in "unemployed" included students – presumably large numbers of them–let out of school for a summer vacation, who had applied for temporary jobs and couldn't find them.

There remains the cardinal premise on which the index rests, and thoughtful students of the economy question its efficacy. The trend of rising employment it has measured over the last few years is based on the year 1953 when, presumably, the degree of unemployment and the state of the economy were near "normal"–a tricky word, that. Too late someone remembered that 1953 was nearly the peak of the Korean war production, and that conscription plus heavy industrial output taxed the labor pool abnormally and had the economy working overtime. It had the distilleries in Scotland working overtime, too, but the Scots have not allowed it to complicate their economy ever since.

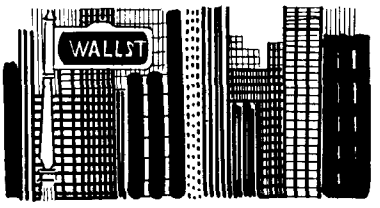
In the case of measuring "housing starts" or total trade and manufacturing inventories, the problem involves chiefly the inadequacy of the sample used in compiling the final figures. It is based on a sample of less than 9,000 building permits.

Can it be possible that these misrepresentative figures have in recent years created a psychological damper on recovery from our recessions? Certainly our recessions have seemed to acquire longevity and tenacity in recent years, for reasons no one seems able to explain.

The index of total inventories is one of the most erratic of all. Yet, because inventory changes usually precede both high and low points in output of goods, this index is consulted as though it were oracular, month in and month out. One of its principal components, manufacturers' inventories, are obtained easily enough. It's foolish, though, to place any reliability on the figures for retailers' inventories when one considers the number of non-chain operators and discounters who are taking an increasing portion of the retail business. The technicians find they have to consult figures on wholesale and retail sales as well as on stocks (inventories) themselves. And when the figures prove inadequate, they are forced to turn to complex data on bank loan movements as a means of interpreting "inventory adjustments."

It would be just about as practical to come out with figures on people living beyond their means based on bank loan movements, as it is to judge retailers' inventories on this basis.

The two biggest indices–Gross National Product and the Federal Reserve's index–suffer from the same malady; an inability to tip off important changes in what are becoming the dynamic sectors of the economy.



During the 1960 Presidential campaigns much was said about America's growth, and the Federal Reserve figures were cited over and over again. The FRB index is, to put it bluntly, a poor measure of the growth of the economy, principally because it does not take into account output of services. All it measures is production of goods. Yet output of services has been far outstripping the production of goods in recent years as the demands of the consuming public have changed under the radiance of sustained prosperity.

Moreover, the FRB index underemphasizes growing manufacturing industries such as electronics and missiles, and gives too much weight to those that have declined lately in relative importance to the whole economy. This, of course, is the same problem one finds with the Dow Jones Rail Average, or the statistics on car loadings.

Without delving into the techniques, one can say that this index also uses data that varies in quality. Some of the so-called "research" is rooted not in actual production but in estimates based on raw materials consumption or in statistics on man-hours worked. Yet this is our senior, most respected "production index." Production, indeed.

THE Gross National Product, the economy's most important index, barometer, indicator, prognosticator, and what-have-you, measures the total output of goods and services and places a dollar value on them. It derives its figures from many of the same sources as the other indices, and thus inherits most of their shortcomings.

In seeking to measure the flow of new goods and services into the economy (which is its sole purpose) the GNP index has been particularly weak in reflecting changes in those very sectors–in inventories, construction, and capital spending. These are changes that have initiated many of our recent fluctuations in over-all business. As a result, GNP has been as much as six months behind in registering important shifts in the economy. Certainly it is sensible to challenge its practical usefulness.

The Commerce Department argues that the monthly figure on the "personal income" component of GNP provides an adequate gauge of short-term moves in the general economy. Maybe so, but the fact is that personal income often is slower to register changes than GNP itself. It turned downward after GNP during the 1957-58 recession and was slower than GNP in recovering afterward. As it is, the quarterly GNP has to be leaked to the press in the form of a preliminary estimate, then revised months later, when tax data are avail-

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able to cross-check original figures.

It's not a barometer at all, therefore, for a barometer indicates what the weather will be in the immediate future. The GNP tells what it has been in the past—sometimes in the quite distant past.

Understandably, then, business groups are pushing for more money and more modern methods of data collection with a view toward revamping the entire indexing system, which can raise hob with statisticians who, as a group, are probably more set in their ways than any other workers in America.

Some business outfits are taking the initiative themselves in the absence of government response. The National Bureau of Economic Research has recently completed a third revision of its comprehensive list of business cycle indicators that are considered to be helpful in judging economic recessions and revivals.

As yet the bureau's studies probably provide only limited application for the average investor or business man. The list divides twenty-six indices into groupings according to whether they tend to lead business cycle changes, coincide with them, or lag behind changes.

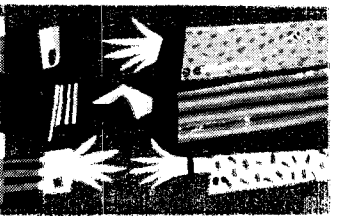
An example of the enormity of the problem is shown by the fact that most of the time the indices that lead are going in the opposite direction of those that lag. Thus the laggards don't just lag—they drag, or even pull against the trend. The group of leaders showed a peak in early 1955, almost two and a half years before the peak in general business activity was reached in 1957.

The most important forward step that can be taken at this time, it seems to me, is to recognize that our statistics and indices are not working so well as we once thought they did.

Perhaps the magnificent data processing systems being developed in the labs of the electronic companies will solve the problem for us. The very least they can do is give us a degree of stability in our industrial economy that we have never before achieved. They will help us to measure our "markets," let us know how much we must build or fabricate or manufacture over a given period (say, a year), and thus, let us know—in advance—how many people to employ to do the job during that period of time.

This will help some, but until the statistics we use are more accurate and more representative, our wondrous conglomeration of measures and yardsticks and barometers and indices will serve only to tell us where we have been and not where we are going. Like the dodo birds, we will fly backward into the unknown.

Public Relations



By L. L. L. GOLDEN

AN INTRIGUING public relations campaign on behalf of advertising will soon be on its way, one that will be watched carefully by the professionals in both fields of communicating ideas and information.

The American Association of Advertising Agencies, the national organization of the advertising agency business, with a membership of 338 agencies with 735 offices in 167 cities in the United States and other countries, has retained Hill and Knowlton, one of the nation's largest public relations firms, to improve the public relations of advertising.

It is a massive job, reflecting the deep concern of some of the most important people in advertising at the attacks on, and public attitudes to, a business that is essential to the proper functioning of our economic system.

There have always been critics of advertising, both within and without the business. The critics have been part of this growing field, which is full of the pains that come with any operation that depends on ideas.

Now there are signs of much more serious criticism of advertising than in the past. The criticism of advertising often concerned methods, taste, and the kind of people who worked in and appeared in novels about the business. Now there are attacks on advertising itself, on the very purpose and values of the business. That is a serious matter indeed. In fact, "Madison Avenue" has become a dirty term to many people, particularly in intellectual circles, who question the validity, and not simply the judgment, of the whole business of advertising.

In October, 1960, the AAAA Board of Directors hired Hill and Knowlton. As is usual in an important project, the public relations firm made its study for the client and then presented its program. The study itself took four months, which again is not unusual in a solid attempt to find the nub of problem and recommend action.

The public relations firm studied opinions within advertising itself. Instead of taking new polls it carefully sifted and drew conclusions from the recent polls of public opinion on advertising. It surveyed the treatment of advertising in leading intellectual publications as well as the personal attitudes of what are sometimes called opinion trend-leaders.

Hill and Knowlton found that advertising has a public relations problem that is not yet acute but may become so; that criticism is strongest among opinion leaders; that there is little desire for more government regulation; that advertising's own efforts to improve quality are not generally known; and that the leading target of criticism seems to be television, and justly so.

What to do about it? The public relations firm recommended these activities: a depth attitude study to find out why opinion trend-leaders are antagonistic to advertising, as a first step. This study, the field work for which is now just completed, covered 175 "thought leaders" in sixteen key cities divided in this way: fifty economics professors, forty high school educators, forty social action religious leaders, thirty editors and principal writers on fifteen intellectual publications, fifteen government officials.

When the study is fully evaluated, the AAAA plans to establish a new direct medium of communication between itself and a broad group of opinion leaders by means of a pocket-sized magazine to be called *Advertising Today*. It will be issued six times a year and will go to a mailing list of 25,000.

Further program activities include a test advertising seminar at a major university; more speeches before non-advertising groups; closer contact with influential publications; cooperation with textbook authors; more reference materials in libraries; increased understanding of AAAA's Copy Code, which has been in effect for thirty-seven years, and of the Interchange of Objectionable Advertising, which is operated jointly by AAAA and the Association of National Advertisers to examine complaints about advertising; and of course, organized, positive publicity.

It is worth noting that in this program there are no gimmicks, no hocus-pocus, no magic or expectation of miracles. It will only be successful as the public relations firm performs its solid, sensible program, and as those in advertising meet the valid objections of reasonable people to abuses and develop ways to satisfy their clients' objectives without being offensive.

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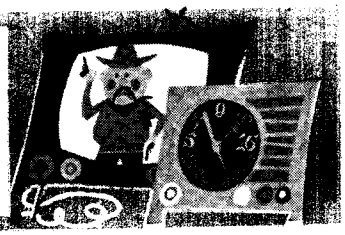
Audio/Video



Dossier on Eleven Ten

By Robert Lewis Shayon

IN AUGUST, 1959, Jack Kent Cooke was directing the operation of KRLA, an independent radio station in Pasadena, California. The FCC had reassigned the license, and the new owner planned to switch from the former program policy of country and Western music to a schedule of Top Forty music and news. Jack Cooke had hired Perry Allen, an Eastern disc jockey, for an important three-hour evening stint across the board. While waiting for Allen to shake himself free of an Eastern contract, Cooke planned a "Find Perry Allen Contest." Clues describing the new disc jockey would be broadcast regularly, and listeners would be invited to "Look for the guy in the bow tie . . . in the Los Angeles restaurant, street, or ball park, and if you walk up to the right person and ask [the correct] question . . . you'll win the money." At a staff meeting, another disc jockey pointed to a small flaw in the plan. Perry Allen was not in Los Angeles, but in Buffalo, New York. "We'll be in trouble," protested the disc jockey, "if anybody discovers this." "Don't worry," replied Jack Cooke, "I'll take care of it."

Cooke was not even the licensee of KRLA. He was not even an American citizen; he was a Canadian. His brother, Donald Cooke, was the sole stockholder of Eleven Ten Broadcasting Corporation, the legal licensee. FCC Docket No. 13622 states: "It is established that Jack had been intent on acquiring a radio property . . . in the United States, and that price was not a controlling factor because of his substantial resources. While it was to be bought in the name of Don, a man of limited means, Jack ultimately was to become licensee. . . ." Under Section 310 of the Communications Act an alien cannot hold a broadcasting license. Don Cooke, a New York resident, was an absentee owner, who undertook "to spend at least one-fourth of his time in Pasadena." The Canadian Cooke's subsidiary corporation actually owned the physical assets of KRLA; all Don had was the license. While Jack was putting up most of the cash for the new station, he was also picking up the tab for the Golden Key Contest. He buried the key (to the new transmitter) and directed the airing of at least twenty contest clues, with the remark (quoted in FCC testimony) that "it's the closest thing to being impossible" that the key could be found from listening to the early clues broadcast. Subsequently, his easier clues made it impossible for the key not to be found, at a time of his own choosing, but not until the original prize, $50,000, had been dropped to $5,000.

Eleven Ten Broadcasting Corporation had proposed in its application to broadcast 82 per cent entertainment. It promised to conduct surveys regularly "to determine the changing likes and dislikes of the listeners." It promised to broadcast "polished and attractive performances by teachers, educators, and proponents of culture . . . to train and coach speakers . . . to enhance the programs broadcast by religious and civic organizations, etc." Five months later, KRLA wrote to the commission: "It is the opinion of the licensee that under present-day circumstances radio is most effective when its messages are reduced to timely and repetitive announcements." No steps had been taken to prepare any religious or educational programs. The licensee, in an office memorandum to the staff, wrote: "When I made up the . . . schedule which was submitted to the FCC, I included a farm report on each newscast. I regret now that I did so. . . . I think that a thirty-second farm market report on certain specific newscasts (certainly not on the twenty-four newscasts a day) would fill the bill."

With respect to public service talks, it was decided that a one-minute noncommercial announcement in a fifteen-minute canned music show would qualify that segment as "public service." Get a one-minute Smog announcement from UCLA, was the instruction. It will satisfy the FCC. "We do not have to fill the entire fifteen minutes with gab." "As for . . . religious programs," wrote the licensee in that same memorandum, "nothing would please me more than to remove the necessity of broadcasting a roundtable of churches in the 11 a.m. to 12 noon period Sundays. . . . Why not put it on between 6 and 7 a.m. Sunday mornings? . . ."

In another office memo, staff salesmen were reminded that "Sunday is a big radio day . . . and only KRLA can offer complete personality programming all day Sunday uninterrupted by commercial religion." The FCC finally caught up with the Cookes and sent KRLA a Section 309 (b) letter, setting a hearing and specifying issues. The New York Cooke flew to Los Angeles "to set up a so-called program, to get everyone of the public service features we have promised the FCC into effect on KRLA." By April, however, Don Cooke, back in New York, wrote to his program director that no move should be made with respect to the new Sunday and religious public service programming "until about a month after the FCC has approved KRLA's request for its license renewal. At that time, undoubtedly, we will be able to drop some of the present programming, but we will do so only with the full approval of the station's Washington lawyers." The FCC later asked for an analysis of a specific week's programs in October. Employees, working up the analysis, found no religious programming in the program logs. The following dialogue is from the hearing record: "H. testified that S. said with a wink: 'I did tell you, didn't I, Herb, to put a "Word for the Day" or "Thought for the Day" on the air beginning that week, did I not?' H. testified that his reply to S. was 'Something to the effect: If you say so.' The program title was typed in the October logs. H. testified that 'it was not until November that S. even ordered him to buy the book containing the material for this program.' "

To this dossier add minor items such as the case of one employee of KRLA who testified that he "intended to be elusive to the representatives of the FCC"; and another employee who was instructed not to answer questions put by the commission's investigators. Two FCC hearing examiners joined in concluding that the evidence showed no overt acts pointing to ultimate control by the Canadian Cooke; that there was no fraud in Eleven Ten's failure to adhere to its original programming proposals; that the contests were "conceived in cynical fashion to play upon the gullibility and cupidity of the audience," but have been discontinued; and that the licensee is not responsible for the initial altering of the program logs by his employees. The examiners verbally spanked Don Cooke for "censurable managerial immaturity and operation shortcomings." But they granted Eleven Ten a one-year renewal. We place the case in the hands of the public for reflection.

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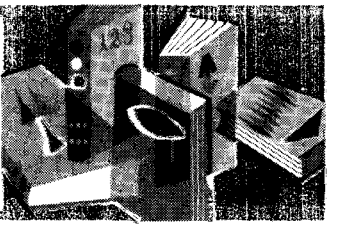
Books in Communications



State Secrets

By JAMES F. FIXX

SHOULD the citizens of a democracy have access to all the facts about the operation of their government? Some respected and articulate voices have argued that they should. Woodrow Wilson thought so when he wrote: "I, for one, have the conviction that government ought to be all outside and no inside. I, for my part, believe that there ought to be no place where anything can be done that everybody does not know about." And the U. S. press, traditionally hair-triggered to raise anguished outcries when its freedom to ferret out and report the news is threatened, has invariably championed the right of the people to be told whatever reporters are able to discover, whether in the county courthouse or the halls of Washington.

There are solid grounds for this view. At the same time, there is good reason to believe that a measure of secrecy can sometimes accomplish what publicity cannot. Should, for example, the American public (and the rest of the world) be given all information on scientific research? On new weapons? On deliberations within executive agencies? Both sides of the argument are closely examined by Francis E. Rourke of Johns Hopkins University in "**Secrecy and Publicity**" (Johns Hopkins Press, $5), a book that tries to point the way toward a "reasonable balance" between considerations that are often contradictory. (A portion of the book was previewed in *SR*'s May 13 issue.) That he arrives at no unequivocal solution to the dilemma is not surprising, nor for that matter is it especially disappointing. To have defined the problem's major aspects is a substantial achievement.

Looking, for example, at the future both of dictatorships and democracies, Mr. Rourke predicts that all governments will come to depend increasingly on the sustaining force of public opinion. As the dictatorships place less reliance on techniques of terror and coercion, he argues, the democracies are likely to become less hospitable to nonconformity. "Political dissent," he warns, "may become every bit as hazardous in a democratic as in a totalitarian community, when the stigma of alienation from the community becomes sufficient to deter all but the most hardy of individuals from following the course that their own conscience dictates." It is a warning worth giving some thought to, particularly in a country whose history has been largely carved out by men who were at their best when working across the grain of prevailing opinion.

WHIRLWIND TOUR: The evolution of the American newspaper, from the appearance of *Publick Occurrences* in 1690 to today's great struggles for survival in the inhospitable jungle of magazines, radio, and TV, is briefly and somewhat dryly chronicled in "**The American Newspaperman,**" by Bernard A. Weisberger (University of Chicago Press, $4.50), latest in the Chicago History of American Civilization series. The book, which manages to hit all the mountain peaks but misses the more interesting valleys where the past is most likely to come to life, is a sort of through-history-by-pogo-stick approach neatly calculated to draw yawns from both the beginner and the old pro. The author, once having got a formidable multitude of names and dates plugged into his manuscript, somehow seems to have thought his job was finished.

"The American Newspaperman," incidentally, commits one of the newsman's cardinal sins by repeatedly bestowing a hyphen on the New York *Herald Tribune*, calling to mind one editor's customary comment when confronted with shabbily written copy: "If the author isn't interested in reading it, then I'm certainly not."

CROWDS AND CULTURE: The mass media and their impact on the nation's massed millions are freshly examined in two bright, lively, and intelligently written volumes, "**Culture for the Millions?**" edited by Norman Jacobs (Van Nostrand, $4.95), and "**Media for the Millions,**" by Robert C. O'Hara (Random House, $5.75). The first, a collection of essays by such diverse and distinguished names as Oscar Handlin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Randall Jarrell, Frank Stanton, Sidney Hook, H. Stuart Hughes, and James Baldwin, grew out of a seminar sponsored by the Tamiment Institute and *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The ideas in it, many of them arrestingly iconoclastic, deserve wider discussion than they are likely to have; as Paul F. Lazarsfeld observes in his introduction, "It is the tragic story of the cultural crusader in a mass society that he cannot win, but that we would be lost without him."

"Media for the Millions," written by the director of mass communication studies at the University of Minnesota, is a refreshing reprieve from the tired prose that too often limps forth from academe. A comprehensive survey of the mass media as they function today, it also offers a number of valuable guidelines for evaluating television, newspapers, and magazines. Its combination of solid fact and peppery opinion makes it one of the most readable studies of its kind.

SECOND LOOKS: In his preface to "**The World of John Lardner**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) Walt Kelly tells what may well be the last anecdote involving the late journalist. "A friend who had traveled many places in his company," Kelly writes, "sat through the last Saturday morning with him at a New York funeral home, smoking a cigar and reading the *Times*. Asked how he could do such a thing, he replied, 'Well, actually it wasn't very much different from other mornings on the road. He didn't usually wear his glasses to bed and he never said much in the morning anyway.'"

The story, whether apocryphal or not, suggests something of the puckishly irreverent wit that radiated contagiously and irrepressibly from the man and his writing. Lardner, the son of Ring Lardner, had a sweet sense of the absurd and a beguiling way of expressing it. The pieces in this posthumous volume, reprinted from the *New Yorker*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Newsweek*, and other magazines, are eloquent, spritely, and rarely marred by a dull paragraph, whether the quarry is Lindbergh ("a one-day wonder"), Jack Paar in parody ("They said I live in Bronxville. Wasn't that a vicious, twisted thing to say?"), or Babe Ruth ("He spent the best part of his life upholding the mighty tradition that anything can happen at Ebbets Field, the mother temple of daffiness in the national game").

Yet the truth is that, for all its fun, "The World of John Lardner" is a world John Lardner never made. His pieces, written on the fly for magazines, seem ephemeral and strangely dated when read between hard covers.

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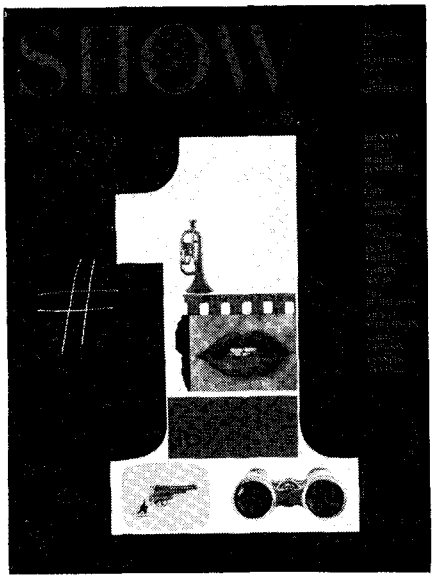
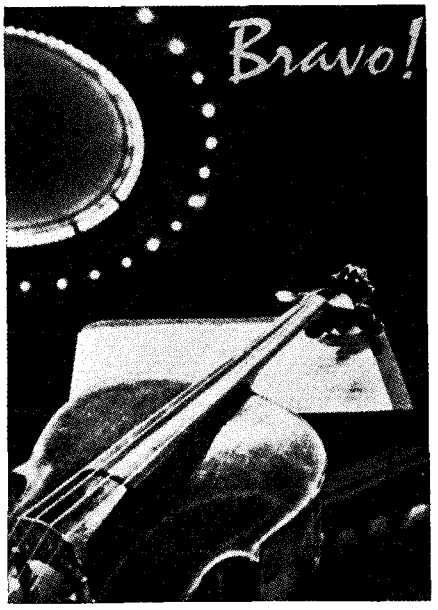
EXCITING NEW MAGAZINES FOR SHOW BUSINESS





By HOLLIS ALPERT

THE American public of the 1960s is the most entertained public in history, and is about to become the most informed public on entertainment. Suddenly and coincidentally three new magazines devoted to show business and music are making their appearance this month, all aimed at appeasing the nationwide appetite for news, gossip, and opinion about the entertainment world. In spite of the increasing amount of space devoted by major magazines to this world, a "hole" has been noticeable for some time. The "fan" magazines long ago proved their incapability of providing adequate coverage, and most of them are in circulation as well as legal trouble. There are specialized magazines like *Theater Arts* and *Musical America*, but they have piddling circulations, and evidently lack the backing and the editorial direction that would widen their appeal.

None of the three new magazines is deficient in these regards. First off the presses is *Show Business Illustrated*, a biweekly that is the brain product of a fantastically successful young publisher, Hugh Hefner. Only eight years ago, the then twenty-six-year-old Hefner was an ill-paid employee of a publisher of trade magazines. With a borrowed $7,000, he started *Playboy*, a men's magazine that he claims is styled to his own tastes and interests. "I like things that are urban and urbane," he has said. "I prefer the comforts of a bachelor apartment, hi-fi, a soothing beverage at my fingertips and pleasant female company close at hand." This dream of urban urbanity, as reflected in *Playboy*, has put Hefner at the head of several *Playboy*-spawned corporations worth around $20,000,000. Some of those millions are going into *SBI*, and some of the Hefner influence is already apparent in the September 5 premiere issue of the magazine.

In dimension, typography, and layout *SBI* is a cousin to *Playboy*. Selling at fifty cents the copy, it is a sometimes tasteful, sometimes jazzy mélange of features, columns, and story photography, its coverage (in the first issue at least) almost encyclopedic. Hefner describes it as "the first consumer magazine dedicated to all aspects of show business, and it promises to be as potent a circulation and advertising product as *Playboy* itself." The latter's circulation is well above the 1,000,000 level; SBI presently guarantees 350,000, expects to approach the 1,000,000 mark in about a year. Headquarters of the magazine are in the fancy *Playboy* building in Chicago, but a New York office is maintained, headed by New York editor Al Morgan.

"No one is delighted with the first issue," according to Morgan. By "no one" he referred to publisher Hefner, editorial director Frank Gibney, and art director Jeonard Jossel. "The trouble with the first issue is overabundance," said Morgan, and abundance there is indeed in the 156 pages of the issue. Contributors include Cleveland Amory, Marc Connelly, Patrick Dennis, Joe Hyams, Richard Gehman, Arthur Knight, and Drew Pearson. Articles tend to be brief, but are not always pithy; the lineup for the next issue looks to improve this situation. The approach is ambitious, varying between the candid and the sophisticated, the solid and the satiric. The magazine seems weakest and least interesting when it descends perilously close to the "fan" level, has a solid bite when such informed regulars as Herb Caen, Al Morgan, and Joe Hyams report on their respective areas.

While there has been talk of competition between *SBI* and *Show* ("The Magazine of the Performing Arts"), it is not likely to develop, not only because the editors of both magazines disclaim it, but because the approaches have little in common. *Show*, a monthly, is dated October, and reaches the stands on September 12. The magazine is roughly of *Vogue* size, and its cover is not only handsome, but an eye-

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catcher, with a colorful photographic collage placed against a sedate background, the title letters in a dull gold. Art director of the magazine is Henry Wolf, formerly of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Esquire*, and he is obviously willing to go all-out in the directions of handsomeness and elegance. "We expect," said Robert M. Wool, editor-in-chief, "that we will have the most beautiful magazine in the country."

Publisher and backer of *Show* is Huntington Hartford, now in his mid-forties, an A & P scion, friend of handwriting analysis, foe of certain aspects of modern art, and philanthropist.

The tone set by the first issue is to be followed for many issues to come, and *Show* should probably find its audience among the more upper-brow, upper-income groups. Circulation aims are relatively modest and should not be difficult to achieve: around 100,000 per issue (at a dollar per copy) for the first several months, a leveling off eventually in the 200,000 area. As for editorial policy, "We intend," said Wool, "to have good minds reflecting on a month's output in each of the performing arts. We'll get the best people, invite them to use the essay approach, and even rotate them out of their usual field into another. Thus Harold Clurman, an expert on theatre, will be invited to comment on movies." Also in the editorial cockpit is Helen Lawrenson, feature editor, who was wooed from her writing chores at *Esquire*.

Wool has already put this idea to work in the first issue. When he asked Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to comment on theatre, it turned out that Schlesinger was a frustrated movie critic, and was delighted to discuss a batch of recent Italian movies. In other articles Robert Bendiner submits a master plan for saving Broadway theatre, expert reporter Martin Mayer digs into the TV networks, Helen Hayes and Anne Bancroft speak out on acting, Kenneth Tynan and Harold Clurman contribute essays, and for comic relief Al Capp satirizes the theatre through a hillbilly critic called Rafe Ratkinson.

Theatre, movies, records, and music will be covered in regular departments, with the emphasis always on opinion. "We've been having trouble getting this idea across to some of our contributors," Wool said. With a pronounced slant towards unfettered opinion, *Show* looks not only to be a handsome addition to the coffee table, but a stimulating thought-provoker, too.

A captive audience already exists for *Bravo!*, a music quarterly due to take its bows on the 25th of this month. One of the least of the problems for this forty-four-page, *SR*-size magazine is circulation, already at the 700,000 mark prior to publication. Quite amazing, but perfectly true, for *Bravo!* is to be sold and circulated by the principal bookers in the community concert field. Here was a stunning idea waiting to be tapped, in view of the heavy concert traffic across the length and breadth of the land, and the lack of popular servicing of the musical field by magazines.

Credit for originating the idea goes to Arthur Whittemore, of the Whittemore and Lowe duo-pianist team. Whittemore, appalled by the undistinguished level of the concert programs wherever he appeared, and noticing the country-wide increase in musical interest, talked to L. Slade Brown a youngish Texas millionaire, known for his musical and theatre interests. Brown became the backer of *Bravo!*, is now the president of the Bravo Publishing Company in New York City.

When a concert series is subscribed to by the members of a community, also available is the chance to subscribe to *Bravo!* at three dollars a year for four issues. A program insert goes in for each of the communities sponsoring a concert series. Eugene Cook, the editor, started out with thirty-two pages of text in mind, but advertising interest was so strong before the first issue went to press that text pages were increased to forty-four, and will probably go to fifty-two in the next issue.

THE first issue has a pleasantly lively look. Ted Patrick writes on jazz, Herbert Graf of the Zurich Opera comments on impressions made abroad by American music performers, and an Ohio hostess discusses the problems involved in feeding musical lions. A photo essay deals with young pianistic talent, and scheduled to contribute in other issues are Virgil Thomson, Irving Kolodin, Emily Coleman, and Art Buchwald. While music is the predominant interest of the magazine, theatre and ballet will also get some attention. With interest in *Bravo!* running high, an attack may eventually be made on the newsstand audience, but at the moment is only available through yearly subscription.

"We're able to move so solidly into the magazine field," said Cook, formerly entertainment editor for *Life*, and a well-known writer-photographer, "because the other large, general magazines have not been paying enough attention to popular culture."

With three new magazines devoted to popular culture off and winging, attention is now being paid. Their situation is remarkable in that none would seem to be getting in the way of the others, and prognosis for their eventual growth and health is excellent.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 42

can write a contract giving to either party any assurance except the certainty of endless litigation. Neither can they draft a law prohibiting spitting on the sidewalk without driving harried judges into several different interpretations of its provisions.

Look at the antitrust laws or the tax laws. Although they are written by lawyers, your own attorney does not pretend to deduce anything from their language. All the little man can tell you, even if well informed, is that five contradictory decisions are now groping through the cobwebbed mazes of the appellate courts.

ANDREW J. KANE.

Hendersonville, N. C.

THE ARTICLE ON illiteracy by Thomas M. Cooley II struck a responsive chord, for I have been distressed many times by the slovenly use of the English language even among people who are generally considered well educated.

Radio announcers may be partly to blame, but the fault lies deeper than that. As Dean Cooley states, the college English departments are badly organized for coping with this difficulty. I sincerely hope that his plan for dealing with it in the School of Law, University of Pittsburgh, will be effective, and, if so, that it will be utilized elsewhere.

HELEN A. RUSSELL.

West Chester, Pa.

DEAN COOLEY'S ARTICLE, despite its sensational and misleading title, gives at least one teacher of secondary school English hope that some light may be entering the darker corners of our educational system. The temptation to chide the dean for the term "illiteracy" is irresistible; however, when he compounds this intellectual felony by saying that the best graduates of our colleges "cannot write the English language," we can be pardoned if we raise an eyebrow at the lofty heights the dean's self-estimation has hoisted him to. This practice of reckless wholesale condemnation of some facet of formal schooling is an academic sport indulged in by savants in every period of history.

The work of the Pittsburgh Law School should be hailed even though it seems to be carried on in a mileau of backbiting necessity. At last, one school has come to a logical solution of a problem besetting most universities.

Dean Cooley shares with the great majority of educators the erroneous belief that instruction in writing in the elementary school, the secondary school, or the college should ready our students for all expressional tasks with words. His offhand remark about the power of Latin and Greek to produce better writers is typical of those who in desperation hark back to any practice in the "good old days" thought to have been the guarantor of excellence.

Let us understand a fundamental point in the art of expression. There is no all-

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embracing skill known as writing, which can be fauceted at will no matter what the subject. It is this concept that Dean Cooley probes when he concludes: "The failing is not just in ability to read or spell or use approved modes of grammar. It is far deeper and more difficult of analysis." When our schoolmasters accept the simple idea that writing is not a general skill, they will stop berating their colleagues for failure to do a job never attempted.

The businessman who claims his employees were not trained to write properly is correct if we understand that the schools never tried to prepare students for the special writing skills a businessman requires. Similarly, the college English teacher's claim that his pupils were never taught to write in accordance with his demands is also well founded. The high school instructor who condemns the elementary school teacher for failure to prepare Johnny for the unique writing tasks carried on in secondary institutions is also basically justified in his accusations.

In his elementary school Johnny was taught to spell certain words, to use punctuation, to write sentences and paragraphs, and to combine these skills and his personal thoughts to produce short compositions. But the teacher of high school history must understand that these procedures did not envisage the writing activities germane to the creation of written judgments on American industrialization, for example. The boy who spent four years writing book reports, occasional essays of a general nature, short critiques of class literature, and a variety of reports and letters is not ready for the specific demands of the expository collegiate theme. And the student who has been trained to read and write for the liberal arts courses cannot be expected to master the peculiar thought (i.e., writing) processes of the graduate student without some specific discipline.

Whether the School of Law at the University of Pittsburgh understands the above is questionable. The fact of the matter is that it has adopted valid procedures to solve the problem. Dean Cooley and his colleagues are *not* acting on the premise that "there is no way to learn to write except by writing—lots." Nowhere in his description of the program at the law school is there an outline of a course on writing *per se*. An examination of his writing courses reveals that the faculty is acting on the superior theory that "there is no way to learn to *write law* except by *writing law*—lots."

ISIDORE LEVINE.
Long Island City, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS TO Dean Cooley for his program in written composition at the University of Pittsburgh. Surely every teacher in higher education genuinely concerned about the American student's inability to express his ideas in his native tongue has for some time been waging a battle, seemingly an interminable, single-handed one.

American college students have lived with their inadequacy of expression in the English language so long that I find it necessary to pressure them toward the solution of their mutual problem. As a college speech teacher, I require outlines for all oral assignments. Since no student may present a speech in class without first having had his outline approved, and inasmuch as no outline is given a grade at all until approved, I am swamped with personal interviews with students, hungry for grade points, clutching their outlines, asking: "Why can't this sentence be the thesis?" "What is the difference between a main idea and a means of supporting one?" "How do these main points overlap?"

Dean Cooley, with his plan of written assignments for law students, has reestablished my faith that if enough of us work persistently, untiringly, doggedly, we may make a few inroads yet, and I, for one, wish to assure Dean Cooley that I am working with, if not alongside, him in the mammoth task he so well presented in *SR*.

EVELYN K. DE VOROS,
California State Polytechnic College.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

I AGREE WITH Dean Cooley's general remarks about our failure to teach students to spell and write, and I wish him well in his plans to improve the writing of law students at Pittsburgh.

One thought occurs to me. Our emphasis upon specialization in our complex society does not afford the student adequate motivation for learning to write.

"Writers write. Plumbers plumb. Auditors audit. Governors govern. Engineers engineer. Doctors doctor. Why should I learn to write? I am not a writer. I am a specialist."

Our students have been told by their parents and by the public generally that college is a place where one learns the tricks of a trade or profession. Nearly all freshmen and four out of five seniors will list vocational proficiency—the desire to earn a better living—as the primary motive for going to college.

Our universities should not only concentrate upon the building of men and women for personal happiness and public responsibility, but should also undertake a campaign to teach the public a superior motivation for college attendance.

If our youngsters had better motives for going to college, they would have better motivation for writing and spelling.

So long as the public believes that writing is just another specialty, just so long will our children fail to learn writing competence.

I wonder if some foundation could not justify the expenditure of a considerable sum of money to teach the people what universities are for.

CLAUDE COLEMAN,
Professor of English,
Southern Illinois University.
Carbondale, Ill.

THE DEAN OF THE Law School at Pittsburgh deplores the graduate illiteracy and adds "but between you and I, many of my pedagogical collegues don't talk or write so good either."

Does the dean include himself among the illiterates? He should.

WILLIAM KESSLER,
Attorney at Law.
Kenilworth, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dean Cooley was, we thought, making a rather pointed remark about illiteracy in our time when he consciously put between parentheses the following obvious grammatical gaffs: "between you and I," "don't talk or write so good," and "like" used as a conjunction. Yet so many readers have written in to chide Dean Cooley's "illiteracy" that we feel compelled to explain the joke, much to our sadness.* —R.L.T.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column two should read: 6, 13, 5, 10, 8, 2, 9, 11, 14, 1, 3, 7, 4, 12.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 946

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 946 will be found in the next issue.

L JFLNL AFGHGA GD L OBFDQC YKQ DEFOFGDBD HKB OSLPYFGXKH RP GCT-QFNGCX KGN YKLH KB NBLCH.

YGSDQC NGVCBF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 945

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Language Traffic Jam

Continued from page 16

entitled to no more than one nomination. In actual practice, despite the vast number of possible candidates, it is likely that no more than 100 or so languages would be nominated. Let the delegates then cast a first ballot with the possibility of voting for any of the nominees. When the votes are tallied, let that half of the nominated tongues which have received the smallest number of ballots drop out of the running. Let the delegates then vote again on the fifty or so remaining in the field. Again let that half of the tongues which receive the smallest number of ballots drop out. As the choice narrows down to sixteen, then eight, then four, then two tongues, the votes would naturally be redistributed. The final ballot would tell the story.

The selected language could then be gone over at leisure for complete phonetization in written form and complete standardization in spoken form, since it is essential that the international language should not have the spelling-*vs.*-pronunciation difficulties that beset languages like English or French, or the many dialectal variants that appear in most natural languages. This could be accomplished in one year. The proper training of teachers to impart the new language might take as long as four years. Five years after the final vote, the international language could go into effect in the world's kindergartens, and thereafter move up into the higher grades with the people who have learned it.

What languages would have the best chance of being selected under the system here suggested? The second question on the same Gallup Poll may give us an indication. It was: "Which language (other than your native tongue) would you choose for this second language?"

In the United States, where people could not vote for English, 27 per cent of the votes were for French, 25 per cent for Spanish, 14 per cent for German; the other languages trailed. In Canada, where the question was apparently misunderstood, since French and English are both official tongues, 55 per cent of those polled voted for French. In both Norway and Holland, where a vote for English was allowed, about 60 per cent of the votes were for English, with Esperanto, not French, German, or Russian, as the runner-up. To what extent this picture would change if some Communist countries were included in the poll is a matter of conjecture.

A much more recent poll, conducted in Japan in 1959 by the International Language Institute of Tokyo, a Japanese society interested in promoting a world language for international use, produced some significant answers to the question "What do you recommend as the world language?" Answers given by 190 foreign tourists to Japan, including Britishers, Americans, and other native speakers of English, revealed that twenty-five favored English and eighty-four favored simplified English. When the same question was asked of 200 native Japanese students, eighteen favored English and ninety-six favored simplified English. The rest of the votes were scattered among several other choices.

Of particular interest in this poll is the fact that English, in its present or in a simplified form, won something like 60 per cent of the votes in both groups. Esperanto, not too well favored among the foreign tourists (only about 3 per cent), had 21 per cent of the votes among the Japanese themselves.

English, in natural or simplified form, seems to be the choice of well over half the voters in those countries where it is not native. The Japanese poll does not explain what was understood by English in simplified form. Probably a phonetic form of spelling was meant, since that is the greatest stumbling block to the assimilation of English, both by foreign and native speakers.

THE question is often asked whether, if a constructed language such as Esperanto or Interlingua were adopted, the language should not be made truly international by granting proportional representation to all the major languages, particularly the big Oriental ones that were altogether neglected by Zamenhof, constructor of Esperanto, and by the linguistic experts who constructed Interlingua. A partial reply was given by Albert Guérard, who pointed out in 1922 that it would be hard to imagine a language fair to East and West alike, and that there would probably be no real objection on the part of the East to accepting a pan-Western tongue, to which the East could make future contributions. This seems to be borne out by the Japanese poll, which indicates, in an Eastern country, a decided preference for Western-style tongues.

Dr. Alexander Gode of Interlingua goes on to point out that the major Oriental languages (Chinese, Japanese, Indonesian, Arabic, Hindustani) are mutually incomprehensible. A speaker of Hindustani will be as much at a loss before a Chinese word as before a Latin one. Hence, if we try to broaden our international base, we run the risk of making our constructed language incomprehensible to both Westerners and Orientals.

Of this he gives a striking demonstration by offering a passage, first in Interlingua as it is, next in Interlingua as it would be with the insertion of Oriental words:

"Le sol dice: 'Io me appella sol. Io es multo brillante. Io me leva al est, e quando io me leva, il es die. Io reguarda per tu fenestra con mi oculo brillante como le auro, e io te dice quando il es tempore a levar te. E io te dice: "Pigro, leva te. Io non brilla a fin que tu resta al lecto a dormir, sed que tu te leva e labora, que tu lege e que tu te promena."'"

This should be readily understood by any speaker of a Western language, including English. But just in case, the translation goes: "The sun says, 'My name is sun. I am very brilliant. I rise in the east, and when I rise, it is day. I look through your window with my eye as bright as gold, and I tell you when it is time to get up. And I say to you: "Lazy one, get up. I don't shine so that you may stay in bed sleeping, but that you may get up and work, that you may read and go walking."'"

Note now the transition to an intercontinental version:

"Mata-hari yu: 'Wo-ti nama mata-hari. Wo taihen brillante. Wo leva wo a est, dan toki wo leva wo, ada hari. Wo miru per ni-ti fenestra sama wo-ti mata brillante como kin, dan wo yu ni toki ada tempo a levar ni. Dan wo yu ni: "Sust, leva ni. Wo non brilla samrap ni tomaru a toko a nemuru, sed wo brilla sam-rap ni leva ni, dan que ni suru kam, ni yomu, dan ni aruku."'"

The first point is that no Westerner will even begin to understand this without very special study. The second and perhaps even more important point is that the Indonesian speaker, who supplied *mata-hari* and *sam-rap,* will not understand the Chinese *wo-ti, ni,* and *yu,* or the Japanese *taihen* and *nemuru;* nor will his words be understood by the speakers of the latter languages.

But this proves only that there are difficulties—not that the difficulties are incapable of being solved. For I am convinced that they can and must be solved. In a world in which every man is swiftly coming to be every other man's next-door neighbor, the inability to communicate is certain to become a more and more serious handicap. An international language is no longer a luxury than can be put off until someone else decides to do something about it. The time for ending the linguistic traffic jam is now.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 25

a nation in this case—to act as man as a moral individual. Much as I would like to have it so, I cannot believe it is possible to eliminate atomic war by creating a taboo against it. I hope there are other, more realistic methods.

PHOEBE HANSEN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ARTICLE "Diary of a Man Struggling with Reality" is so refreshingly honest and direct that I feel compelled to write my grateful appreciation to John F. Wharton.

I think it is important to remember that many situations in life can be accepted intellectually but not emotionally. But if all of us could fully recognize the threat of nuclear annihilation it would be impossible to sit passively by and wait for mankind to destroy itself. If the sought-for miracle is never found, those of us who at least looked for it will have enjoyed a life rich with meaning, and, having lived that way, perhaps we might face death with greater dignity.

MRS. FRANKLIN F. BURNS.

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TRAVELER'S TALE

I AM DWELLING (for a few months) among the shoulder-shrugging ants of whom Louis Fischer of the Institute for Advanced Studies makes an advanced study in his article "The Mood Inside Russia's Satellites" [*SR*, July 16]. They don't look like ants to me; they look larger, like people. Maybe it all depends on which floor of the Prague-Hilton the advanced student is looking out the window.

Neither do the Czechs shrug their shoulders when I ask them, as Mr. Fischer did, "why meat is missing in the store." Instead, they tell me (in their broken Czech) that I'm in a shoe store and direct me to the nearest meat store, where meat isn't missing on August 15 and wasn't missing on July 15.

Translation of store prices from a controlled to a free economy is, as any advanced student knows, an extremely iffy business; still more so, the selection of items for translation. Eggs—fresh eggs—do indeed cost six cents apiece here (if you buy them with American dollars) and that *is* high. Bananas and chocolate—the other two items your student studied—are excessively expensive. They would be cheaper if the unimaginative Czechs would only grow them in their back yards or open their deep-sea ports to them.

I wish Mr. Fischer would let me know the next time he's coming to town to make a still more advanced study, not of bananas, chocolate, and eggs, but of milk, bread, native fruits and vegetables in season, medical care, taxes, rent, and public utilities (including local transportation). I might even be able to find him an ant or two who laughs and loves and prays without benefit of either Communism or a tomato-colored convertible.

MILTON MAYER,
Comenius Theological Faculty.

Prague, Czechoslovakia

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RESPONSIBLE BUSINESSWOMAN with furniture wishes share Manhattan apartment. Good neighborhood, privacy, view, space, low rent. Will improve property. Box V-52.

MAN OVER 40 share 3 room apartment with man. Centrally located, NYC. Box V-44.

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HERITAGE HILL, Holland, R.F.D. Southbridge, Massachusetts. Rolling lawns, quiet lakes, airy rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

SPEND A FALL VACATION in the beautiful Poconos at the Robbins Farm, a 200 acre estate. Delightful studio housekeeping units now at special reduced rates. Brochure. R.D. 6, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

CLOSING OCTOBER 15th. Low fall rates now in effect. By urgent request, Chanterwood will remain open by the full week as well as weekends all September and up to October 15th. Disregard earlier announcements. Try a weekend test for next year's vacation in case you didn't find the place you've been looking for. Anyway, send for our literature and keep on file for 1962. We're a rustic lodge and cabins set-up on a lovely lake in deep woods with most sports, fine food, wonderful music, plenty to do or not do. Brochure T tells plenty more. Arrivederci until next April. Chanterwood, Box 181, Lee, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1433

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the two occupations possible to a Gibeonite after Joshua's victory (3 wds.).	21 165 148 50 90 38 128 17 67 153 88
B. Age at death of the great French author of "Ninety-three" (comp.).	64 30 152 14 117 127 170 8 164 18 24
C. Surgeon's phrase, to remove entire, separation by pressure with blunt instruments (2 wds.).	197 45 32 154 55 83 139 93
D. Privy counselor under Elizabeth I, who married niece of Anne Boleyn.	145 11 3 98 65 103 53
E. Specious but fallacious argument; an index.	106 5 91 188 37 118
F. Frescoed locale of Zeno's teaching (2 wds.).	174 171 96 1 40 75 28 104
G. Wanton arrogance or violence, arising from passion or recklessness.	69 41 31 59 149 47
H. Upper half of a possible Englishman's night wear (2 wds.).	113 177 122 183 16 159 92 76 4
I. Ovoid.	107 136 163 39 125 116 12
J. Wearing fetters.	129 157 10 73 2 112 140 85
K. Migratory ploverlike shore bird of N. America.	184 119 147 160 6 58
L. Turned as on a headed bolt or pin.	51 77 114 23 99 182 60 33
M. Excelled in the art of fistic attack and defense.	195 132 173 74 43 108 72 155
N. Furnished with beading; milled. (var.)	168 105 124 84 61 25
O. Fastidious.	123 100 110 180 194 167 144 26
P. Froth or scum.	27 89 56 192 101
Q. Light and graceful little song.	109 86 135 71 9 78 179 34
R. Specifying a rope made of only one kind of strong fiber (comp.)	70 161 19 175 146 120 111
S. Cleaving violently apart.	133 143 62 81 46 87 185
T. Cause to pass pleasantly (2 wds.).	95 35 15 190 57 52 68 156 49
U. Incapable of being fatigued.	193 115 189 181 141 162 126 134 82 22 137 97 186
V. Soothing refrain.	138 196 20 66 187 54 94
W. Alternate occupation to the one in Word A (3 wds.).	158 29 79 7 36 42 131 44 13 121 15 166 102
X. Contemp. English writer, younger son of the biographer of Tennyson and Browning (2 wds.).	176 130 48 142 63 80 178 172 191 169 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 F	2 J	3 D	4 H	5 E	6 K		7 W	8 B	9 Q		10 J							
11 D	12 I	13 W			14 B	15 T	16 H		17 A	18 B	19 R	20 V		21 A	22 U	23 L	24 B							
25 N	26 O	27 P	28 F	29 W	30 B	31 G	32 C	33 L			34 Q	35 T	36 W		37 E	38 A	39 I	40 F						
41 G	42 W		43 M	44 W		45 C	46 S	47 G			48 X	49 T	50 A	51 L		52 T	53 D							
54 V	55 C	56 P	57 T		58 K	59 G	60 L	61 N	62 S	–	63 X	64 B	65 D	66 V	67 A	68 T								
69 G	70 R	71 Q	72 M	73 J		74 M	75 F	76 H	77 L	78 Q	–	79 W	80 X	81 S	–	82 U	83 C							
84 N	85 J		86 Q	87 S	88 A		89 P	90 A	91 E	92 H	93 C	94 V		95 T	96 F	97 U	98 D							
	99 L	100 O	101 P	102 W	103 D		104 F	105 N	106 E		107 I	108 M	109 Q	110 O	111 R	112 J								
113 H	114 L	115 U	116 I		117 B	118 E	119 K		120 R	121 W	122 H	123 O	124 N	125 I	126 U	127 B								
128 A	129 J	130 X	131 W	132 M	133 S	134 U	135 Q	136 I		137 U	138 V	139 C	140 J		141 U	142 X	143 S							
144 O	145 D	146 R	147 K		148 A	149 G	150 W	151 X		152 B	153 A	154 C	155 M		156 T	157 J	158 W							
	159 H	160 K	161 R		162 U	163 I	164 B	165 A	166 W	167 O	168 N	169 X		170 B	171 F	172 X	173 M							
	174 F	175 R	176 X	177 H		178 X	179 Q	180 O	181 U		182 L	183 H	184 K	185 S	186 U		187 V							
188 E	189 U		190 T	191 X	192 P	193 U	194 O	195 M	196 V	197 C														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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